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# MERCURY

## THE KOREAN FAILURE

*A Blunder in Statesmanship*

## What Price Tito?

*by Bogdan Raditsa*

## Looking for Minnie

*by Bernard Wolfe*

## Truman's Embarrassing Book

*William Phillips on Graham Greene*

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*Charles Callan Tansill's*

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A MAGAZINE OF IDEAS

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*Founded by Henry L. Mencken*

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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## THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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**In the**



# **MERCURY's**

## **OPINION**

### ***How to Think About Eisenhower***

We at THE MERCURY are in the position of having urged General Eisenhower to seek the Presidency of the United States and to seek it as a Republican — that is, as a protester against the present government. In our issue of last December we addressed an open letter to him in which we expressed the hope that he would return to the United States as quickly as possible, plunge into the great debate with all his vigor, and seek to win the Republican nomination. We said then that we believed this was a year of opportunity for Eisenhower: a year in which he might begin an effort to restore dignity to the office of the Presidency and to bring a new pride and assurance to the country.

When our letter was sent to the general by several mutual friends, he replied that we did not seem to understand that he had heavy duties still to perform in Europe. Since then, however, he has taken the steps to make himself an active candidate, and apparently he expects to enter the lists not later than June 1.

We are glad that we urged him to run; we are glad that he is running; we are glad that in New Hampshire, Minnesota and elsewhere the voters have demonstrated that the welcome mat is out for him; and we are looking forward even more eagerly to what he has to say. Even more than we did last December, we believe that this is a year of great opportunity for a man who, clearly, is a great American.

Once this is said, however, we must move to a realistic examination of what we regard as threats to his candidacy, threats to the realization of his historic opportunities.

First is the uneasy feeling among many conservatives that Eisenhower is not a *real* Republican — meaning that he is not a citizen who feels deeply that the present government has failed, that its failures must be made clear to the country, and that it must be defeated.

This uneasiness, to us, does not seem to be justified. Now that President Truman has made known his decision not to run again, one point, at least, is clear: Eisenhower was offered the Democratic nomination repeatedly during 1951, and repeatedly he turned it down. He could have had that nomination without opposition; the President himself offered to make the nominating speech; yet Eisenhower rejected it and chose the much more difficult and uncertain pathway to the Presidency.

This, in honesty, can have only one meaning. Eisenhower is a critic of the present government. He is an anti-New Dealer and an anti-Fair Dealer. He is anti-Truman and anti-Acheson. He is anti-big government and anti-corruption. He is a sharp critic of the Truman-Acheson statesmanship in Korea. He wants to throw the rascals out. He wants to replace the Fair Deal philosophy of government with its opposite.

If these are not Eisenhower's beliefs and objectives, then why didn't he, in effect, accept Truman's offer of the Presidency?

Eisenhower knows this: he knows that if he should win the Republican nomination and should prove a successful candidate, he must carry in with him a Republican Congress. He must increase the power of Senator Taft; he must make Taft the second most powerful figure in the government; and an Eisenhower government can succeed only to the extent that Eisenhower can win Taft's cooperation.

Eisenhower, patently, chose to compete for the Republican nomination only because he feels sure that he can do business with Senator Taft.

One of the fallacious arguments which has appeared in various columns runs like this: Eisenhower fears a Taft Presidency. This year his principal objective was to block the possible election of Taft; therefore he was willing to run if necessary to stop Taft.

But Eisenhower didn't have to run as a Republican to stop Taft. If his principal concern were a fear of Taft; if he wanted, most of all, to block the extension of Taft's power in the government; then Eisenhower, logically, would have chosen to run as a Democrat. As a Democrat he could have hoped completely to defeat Taft; to help elect a Congress in which Taft's influence



would have been reduced. But by choosing to run as a Republican, Eisenhower demonstrated that what he wants most to stop this year is not Taft but Truman and Acheson. If Eisenhower beats out Taft for the Republican nomination, then the bigger the victory for Eisenhower, the bigger the victory for Taft.

If Taft beats out Eisenhower for the Republican nomination, then Eisenhower must and will support Taft for the Presidency; and Eisenhower, no doubt, will have a key post in a Taft cabinet.

When Eisenhower announced as a candidate for the Republican nomination, he, inevitably, took as his objective the increase of the power of the Republican Party and the decrease of the power of the Democratic Party — particularly its Northern wing.

Therefore, it seems to us that the conservative criticism that Eisenhower is not a *real* anti-Administrationist is unjustified on the evidence to date. On the basis of his actions thus far he appears to be a bona fide anti. He is a protester against Truman's foreign policy as well as his domestic policy. There is no reason yet to believe that he won't blast the Fair Deal record with all his artillery.

The second threat to the Eisenhower candidacy is the accusations that he was a party to all our tragic mistakes in Europe in 1945. To

these accusations his spokesmen reply: "He was only carrying out orders," and this answer evokes the retort: "Yeah, but that's what Ike hung all those German generals for doing."

In the January *MERCURY*, in an article entitled "What Eisenhower Has Learned in Europe", we dealt candidly with this question. There is no doubt that Eisenhower proved politically naive in 1945. He had been deluded by Harry Hopkins, and he was the prisoner of the Morgenthau-planners. He helped sell us out to the socialists all over Europe: he gave American dollars to socialist newspapers, and he nodded approval when the Morgenthau-planners told him that America's friends in Europe were of the Left.

The way for Eisenhower to handle these expensive errors — and the way we feel sure he will handle them — is to admit them boldly, and then show how he has kicked out all the Morgenthau-planners and repudiated them. Eisenhower realizes that he was led by the nose by the wrong people in 1945; he'll admit it; and then show how he has driven them out of power.

The *New York Times*, politically, is tearing its shirt trying to assure its readers that while Eisenhower is a military man he is not possessed of a "military mind."

The hell he's not! If his mind is not a military mind, then what sort

is it? The only education he has ever received was at West Point and in the army. He has devoted his life to military business; he has no interests outside the military; he hasn't read three books in twenty years other than military books; he doesn't have an inquisitive mind for anything other than the military; and when he's not working he plays bridge.

His devoted chauffeur-secretary, Miss Kay Summersby, recalls an incident in her book, *Eisenhower Was My Boss*. She and the general and others in his staff were resting at a chateau over a week end. Three itinerant Congressmen appeared and wanted to see the supreme commander. Eisenhower got mad.

"I won't see them!" he roared. "I'm no damn politician. I'm a soldier!"

That's the military mind.

When some of our lads appeared somewhat reluctant to mix it up with the Germans in France, it was Eisenhower himself who signed the notorious "Spartan Order" which decreed that deserters in such prisons as Lichfield would sleep without heat and without blankets. And when our desertion rate reached a disturbing high during the Battle of the Bulge, it was Eisenhower himself who signed the death warrant for a lad from the 28th Division and had him taken out and shot as an example.

All the Americans who are sup-

porting Eisenhower because they think he doesn't have a "military mind" had better quit reading the *Times* and face a reality. His mind is just about as military as MacArthur's or Georgie Patton's.

Not a serious threat to his candidacy, but an irritation to those of us who wish him well, is the curious collection of freaks who have hit the sawdust trail for Ike. We dealt with some of them in our March issue in a bit called "But Who Does Ike Like?"

These freaks, recruited mostly from the saloon circuit, include soap salesmen, belly dancers, three-shell artists, and professional bosom-exposers, most of whom hire press agents to put their names in the papers. They whooped it up for Roosevelt for years—mostly to give them something global to pontificate about at the Stork Club; Truman they always regarded as a Missouri clodhopper; and now they like Ike because . . . well, just for the hell of it, or because they think he's a "liberal," or because they think they ought to act beastly toward Taft.

These "Winchell intellectuals" are not dangerous in themselves. Eisenhower can keep them hollering for him by giving them no more than a rare wink or a nudge or a note that is signed "Ike." Then both Quentin Reynolds and Tex McCrary can walk into the Stork or "21" and say: "Ike just told



me . . ." or "I just told Ike. . . ."

The more normal citizenry in the country shouldn't hold it against Eisenhower that these freaks are for him. They have no influence; all they want is their "kicks" and publicity.

Not to be classed with the freaks, however, is a man like Joseph Barnes who helped write the Eisenhower book, *Crusade in Europe*.

Joe Barnes is no "Winchell intellectual"; he has a mind like a steel trap; and he has been identified by at least four witnesses as a top-flight Communist. When he was on the *New York Herald Tribune* he put the hatchet to every book which tried to inform the American people about the true nature of the Chinese Reds. Barnes, on his record, is a dangerous man to the safety of this country.

If Eisenhower equivocates for one minute about Barnes whenever he sets foot on American soil, he should lose the support of every critic of this administration. All that Eisenhower can say — and we assume he will lose no time saying it — is that he didn't know anything about Barnes, that Barnes was put to work on the book by the publishers — and that now that he knows, he declares forthwith that not only will he never employ Barnes again but that he will direct the FBI to redouble their efforts to protect naive authors and publishers.

The most serious threat to the

Eisenhower candidacy continues to be the contrivings of his many self-appointed managers. First, there was the effort to persuade him to return quickly from Europe; and, as this is written, there is said to be the effort to keep him in Europe as long as possible so that he can be safe from questioners. There seems to be the hope on the part of some of these managers that Eisenhower can win the nomination without saying anything.

We don't believe that Eisenhower will lend himself to any such shenanigans. He has resigned his command in Europe; he is running for President as actively as Taft; so we cannot believe that he is anything but anxious to get home, get his uniform off, and get before the American voters. And when he starts speaking, we believe he'll lay it on the line in short, clipped words that no one can misunderstand.

That Eisenhower must lose some of his freak supporters as soon as he starts talking is inevitable and proper.

Mr. Norman Thomas, leader of the American Socialists, is now supporting him. Mr. Thomas believes that taxes are not nearly high enough, and that as soon as defense expenditures can be reduced, the government must embark on vast new public works programs. He is opposed to any reservoir of private capital in America. Obviously, Ei-

senhower will shake off Thomas in his first speech. Before June 1 Thomas, no doubt, will be denouncing Eisenhower as a "reactionary."

The same will be true for support like the New York *Daily Compass*, the Left-Wing successor to PM, and that of all the "phony liberals." Before Eisenhower has been back in the country a week, this group will be calling him a fascist, a Man-on-Horseback, and the potential American Hitler.

The most interesting battles of the June campaign, however, will be those between Eisenhower, on one side, and Truman and Acheson on the other.

Eisenhower knows that Truman is laying for him. He knows that Truman is sore because he thinks that Eisenhower "double-crossed" him by not accepting the Democratic nomination. Eisenhower knows that Truman is determined to defeat the Republican nominee; he knows that the Truman gang have been combing through Eisenhower's record, and that they are ready to try to smear Eisenhower even with the little sins in his personal life. Eisenhower knows that Truman likes to "give 'm hell" — and that Truman expects to give Eisenhower some particular hell.

When Eisenhower starts firing his heavy artillery at Truman and Acheson in June, it should be something to hear. For Eisenhower knows that these two are what this

election is about: they are the two who have brought us the bitter fruit of Russian appeasement; they bear the guilt for the Korean mud-dle; they are responsible for inflation and bigger-and-bigger government; and Truman, who all his political life has been a front for corruption, is responsible for the corruption and rot.

Eisenhower, obviously, chose to contend for the Republican rather than the Democratic nomination for only one reason: he is a conservative who wanted to attack rather than defend the Truman administration. He is opposed to New Dealism and Fair Dealism. He wants to throw it out of the government and replace it with what he considers to be a sounder and healthier theory of government.

Eisenhower's first objective in 1952 is to defeat Truman and the Democratic Party. He wants to make the case against Truman and Acheson. He wants to rebuild the Republican Party, to establish the Republican Party firmly in the South and attract vigorous new blood to it. He wants to give new vigor to the two-party system. He wants to make certain that the American people in all elections are presented with two clear choices.

Knowing that Truman is lying in wait for him, ready to "give him hell," we predict that Eisenhower, in his series of speeches in June, will grab the advantage of the first

powerful blows. He'll make Taft's attacks on Truman and Acheson look weak and overly refined. He'll singe Acheson's mustache and leave Truman thinking he's been hit by an atomic bomb.

If the American people concede that Truman is, at least, a "fighter," wait until they see Eisenhower on the stump.

When Eisenhower mounts the hustings and assumes personal direction of his campaign, then we believe that all the smoke will soon be dispelled. He'll draw the issues clearly between Truman with his type of government and Eisenhower with his. He'll leave no doubts as to where Ike stands or as to whom Ike likes.

When Eisenhower does this, we believe he will win the Republican nomination on the first ballot, will win the Presidency, and will win the opportunity to become the greatest American President of the Twentieth Century.

But if he equivocates — and we don't believe he will; if he attempts to pussyfoot; if he attempts to evade the issues and calls for some sort of spurious "unity"; if he hesitates at making the case against Truman and Acheson; if he tries to pretend that great issues can be avoided rather than decided — then we believe his boom will collapse in a week.

This is a year for scrappers on the American political scene. We are

sick of appeasement and compromise and drift. If Eisenhower can be forthright, he can win and be of great service to the cause of freedom. If he attempts to straddle, he will deserve the defeat and derision which he will surely get.

### ***A Kind Word For General Grow***

Our State Department, which is often given to greater and more wrathful indignation against certain Americans than against most Russians, recently visited the weight of its tacit and explicit rage on our former military attaché to Moscow. While there, General Grow had kept a diary. It was stolen by the Communists, who have triumphantly reproduced passages of it to demonstrate that the capitalist West is hell-bent on war.

Sample entries (and apparently the most flamboyant ones) from the general's diary:

"... We must start hitting below the belt."

"... Anything, truth or falsehood . . . to undermine the confidence and loyalty of Soviet subjects for their regime."

"... War! As soon as possible! Now!"

General Grow was promptly recalled from Moscow. He has been dumped into some obscure corner of the Pentagon, put in Coventry, and handed some sinecure. A few Congressmen have called for his

court-martial. He should have been recalled, all right; but it seems to us that he should have been installed as an adviser to Acheson.

We have no liking for war. But we are firmly committed to the proposition that war is better than slavery, and, unlike the myopic clerks running the State Department, we follow the methodological implications of our principles.

What's wrong with war by the people of the Soviet Union against their government? By the people of all the enslaved nations against Stalin? Isn't this what we are trying to stir up? What was the purpose of those little balloons that Acheson and Drew Pearson were sending into Russia if it wasn't to encourage revolt? Why are we lending overt assistance to the Russian underground? How else can the world find hope today except in a general revolt against the fountainhead of Communism?

General Grow knows that the Soviet definition of "peace" is "that situation which exists when all opposition to the Soviet Union is eliminated." And this isn't Communist rhetoric; it is a realistic description of their attitude. In the sense that war is only an extension of diplomacy, the Soviet Union is "at war" now, and will be at war until she is victor or vanquished.

General Grow, at least, realizes this. If he had been around in a position of major responsibility in

1944-45, he most likely would have managed to end Soviet imperialism with a minimum expenditure of force. By diplomacy he would have "discouraged the growth of enemy power" — which is the purpose of diplomacy in the first place. If he *was* around, he wasn't listened to; and he is now maligned by that genteel group of striped-pants "diplomats" whose contribution to the security of freedom has been to invite and preside over a five-billion-dollar, seventy-five-thousand-casualty-a-year shooting war in Korea, after abandoning 600-odd million people to Soviet slavery.

General Grow must be all the more surprised at his newly-won ignominy when he notices that the same people who are now pushing him around pontificate at every occasion about the "tragical diplomatic ineptitude" that tolerated the Japanese invasion of Manchuria, Hitler's march into the Rhineland, and the Munich conference. "Appalling and immoral appeasement," they call it.

"But even if Grow is right," a member of the palace guard might ask, "what about the terrible propaganda effect of his diaries?"

Well, what about it? The general implied in his diary that the United States will do whatever it can to help men who aspire to freedom. What's bad propaganda about that? It was the foreign policy of this nation for the first one hundred and

fifty years. Tom Paine said: "The cause of America is the cause of mankind." What hope we have is based on the supposition that the mass of Russian serfs would seize the first real opportunity to overthrow their tyrants. During the first weeks of Hitler's invasion of Russia, the Russians welcomed the chance to surrender. If there are people behind the Iron Curtain who want to fight, we should encourage them, shouldn't we? What better encouragement can we give them than the assurance that if they will fight so will we?

The general's diary must have come as a heartening reassurance to all those persons behind the Curtain who still aspire to freedom. It must have come as a welcome change from the statements by Barbara Ward, Edward Crankshaw, and

others who display nothing but a callous and disinterested attitude toward the fate of the prisoners.

The Voice of America hastened to disavow the general; in a statement beamed to Europe, the Voice assured the slaves that Grow's opinions "bear no relation to official American policy." The Voice would have done the cause of freedom a good turn if it had reassured the peoples of Eastern Europe that Grow's views are held by at least a vigorous minority of Americans — and that this minority may one day become a majority.

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**Note:** The article, "The Coming Five-Cent Dollar," by Dr. O. Glenn Saxon, which was to have appeared in this issue of THE MERCURY, will appear instead in a later issue.

Alice Widener

# THE KOREAN FAILURE

*A Blunder in Statesmanship*

AN EFFORT TO BE RESISTED in this country in 1952 is the attempt being made by the President and his Secretary of State to convince the American people that we have been *successful* in Korea. Apparently these leaders are willing to confuse our hitherto resolute nation and induce it — by strong propaganda — to accept defeat as victory, abasement as enhancement, failure as success.

Surely this effort will fail. Surely our American common sense will protect us from such self-deception. Surely the great majority of our citizens know in their hearts that in Korea, in a struggle to reverse the forward march of totalitarian slav-

ery, we have not enjoyed a success but suffered a failure. And it is a dispiriting failure — not of our soldiery, but of our statesmanship.

Korea, for us Americans, is the sad result of faulty political leadership. We have fought an inconclusive war which might have been avoided by able statesmanship. And after we had embarked on this war, we might have done our best for freedom: we could have done more than *temporarily arrest* the advance of Communist enemies; we could have tried to *reverse* it and thus justify the sacrifice of men's lives. We could have kept our solemn promise to unify a nation in freedom and thus emboldened men everywhere to stand against tyranny. But this we failed to do because our present political leadership has lacked vision and courage.

The main purpose of a nation's diplomacy, of its statesmanship, is to

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*Alice Widener has contributed to national magazines and worked as a script-writer for the Voice of America. She is co-author, with David Snell, of a book on Stalin's plan for world conquest to be published by Harcourt, Brace and Co.*

protect the people from having to fight wars and from having to maintain oppressive armaments in order to be secure. It is the further responsibility of statecraft to impede the expansion of enemy power, to prevent by diplomatic skill the formation of dangerous enemy alliances. And if war must be resorted to, it is the responsibility of a nation's statecraft to see that such a war is conducted under the most favorable circumstances, that the military are not hindered in their efforts to win a meaningful victory, and that the victory results in a security gain.

Did our World War II victory result in a postwar security gain for the United States? If not, then there was a failure in statecraft.

Must our nation today maintain oppressive armaments in order to be secure? Then there has been a failure in statecraft.

Have we by statecraft effectively impeded the expansion of Soviet power? No. And many people believe that from 1941 up to the present, poor leadership in the United States government has been a great factor in aiding the advance of Soviet power.\*

In Korea, have Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson spurred the military effort onward to a meaningful victory? If they have, then why is our enemy more powerful today than

he was at this time a year ago?

In Korea we have paid in blood for statesmen's blunders. Therefore Korea is a moral as well as a political issue. Every thoughtful American should be deeply concerned by the historical record of why and how we went to war in Korea.

THE KOREAN PENINSULA, with 33 million inhabitants, is an historic pathway of military conquest. It juts out from the Asiatic mainland toward Japan; therefore every war lord who aspires to power in Asia has tried to control Korea. In the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05 Japan wrested Korea from the grasp of Czarist Russia, developed it, and held it until Japanese power was crushed in World War II.

In November, 1943, at the Cairo Conference, Roosevelt, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek — mindful of Korea's enslavement — made this announcement:

The United States, Great Britain and China . . . are determined that in due course Korea shall become free and independent.

In November, 1944, General Douglas MacArthur sent this message to Washington:

The history of the world will be written in the Pacific for the next ten thousand years. The lands touching the Pacific with their millions of inhabitants will determine the course of history. . . . Stalin also knows this Pacific picture and while fighting

\* "Freedom's Case Against Dean Acheson,"  
THE AMERICAN MERCURY, April, 1952.



in Europe is actually looking over his shoulder toward Asia. . . . The Russian is determined to reverse the Russo-Japanese War.

This was confirmed by General Matthew Ridgway in Tokyo on March 21, 1952, when he said: "The aims of the Soviet military power are now directed toward control of Japan . . . and the Soviet Union is prepared for action at any time."

The Soviet plan for world conquest is well known: control China, Korea, Japan and India; utilize the manpower and raw materials of the Near, Far and Middle East and the technical skill of Central Europe — then the world will become Communist.

In 1943 two men among all others best understood that Asia was to be a decisive theater of conflict in our time: Joseph Stalin and Douglas MacArthur. Both of them had their eyes on Korea, China, and Japan.

In February, 1945, at the Yalta Conference, Stalin agreed orally to a British-American-Chinese-Russian trusteeship for Korea. But he added that he didn't really see the need for any such trusteeship — that Korea itself should be able to set up a satisfactory government. He nodded approval to Roosevelt's proposal that no foreign troops be stationed in Korea after the withdrawal of the Japanese. But as Sumner Welles pointed out in *Seven Decisions That Shaped History*: "During the months between the defeat of Germany and

the surrender of Japan, the State Department, with almost incredible lack of foresight . . . failed to see that such an agreement was concluded."

In May, 1945, a month after Roosevelt's death and a few days after Germany's surrender, our ambassador to the Soviet Union, Averell Harriman, attended a State Department meeting in Washington and expressed the opinion that "in Stalin's view the only satisfactory government for Korea would unquestionably be a Bolshevik or Soviet government."

But in July, 1945, at the Potsdam Conference, the United States agreed that Russian as well as American troops should deal with the surrendering Japanese armies in Korea. Needing a plan to implement this, the American delegation appealed to the Pentagon to produce one. It is said that subordinate officers in the Pentagon looked hastily at the map, arbitrarily drew a line across it, and recommended that the Russians accept the surrender north of the 38th parallel, while American troops would accept it south of that line.

Mr. Welles wrote:

I am told this line was fixed because it seemed "convenient." Certainly it was fixed by officials with no knowledge of what they were doing. . . . It is important to remember that this step was not taken upon the initiative of the Soviet Union. The mistake might well have been corrected by

prompt remedial action. Yet neither the White House, the State Department nor the War Department moved until it was far too late. The artificial frontier thus set up in Korea rapidly became . . . an impermeable barrier.

On August 10, 1945, only two days after the Soviet Union declared war on already defeated Japan, Russian troops entered North Korea. On August 21, elements of the United States Army, led by Lieutenant General John R. Hodge, entered South Korea.

Developments followed a tragic pattern. The Russians had a plan; we did not. Thus Korean Communists, who had been training in Moscow even before the war started, moved in with the Russian troops and at once organized a Communist "Korean People's Interim Committee."

A War Department dispatch described "the chaotic conditions resulting from the splitting of Korea into two parts for occupation by forces operating under widely divergent policies and with no common command." To combat Soviet infiltration and looting, General Hodge organized the Korean Advisory Council with the help of the Korean Democratic Party.

On November 6, 1945, Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal wrote in his diary about a telegram from General MacArthur reporting that "the Russians had begun to remove the generating machinery from the

great Yalu River hydro-electric plants in North Korea . . . plants that were among the world's largest; half the output went to Manchuria — 'thus the Chinese have an interest' — and the other half went to Korea, supplying thirty per cent of the power used in the American occupied zone south of the 38th parallel." The telegram called for "strong representation to the Soviet government to desist."

At Moscow, in December, 1945, a British-Soviet-American agreement was reached for a joint trusteeship over Korea, and for a conference there between the Americans and Russians. This conference came to nothing. Subsequently, the United States referred the question of trusteeship for Korea to the United Nations.

In February, 1946, Secretary Forrestal recorded in his diary:

Hodge notes . . . that the Russians have no thought of unifying Korea . . . the North and South will never be united until Russia is sure that all Korea will be Communist. He urges that these ideas be passed to the State Department and that it be impressed on State that he must be kept informed, and that it might be worth while to consider some of the information and recommendations which he has sent in.

This marks the end of the first phase of our Korean failure. Our troops had entered South Korea; they had accepted the surrender of

Japanese forces in South Korea; after which they had burned or dumped into the sea almost all the Japanese arms and ammunition surrendered to them. But there our efficiency ended because our statecraft had failed to provide a plan for Korea's future.

AT THIS POINT it must be recalled that while our Korean failure is here treated separately, Korea, geographically, is contiguous with China; therefore Korea is also a part of the larger failure by which the great heartland of Asia was allowed to come under Soviet domination. Here only one judgment need be cited:

In November, 1945, the State Department cabled General Albert C. Wedemeyer, commander of the American Forces in the China theater, that it would "not support the National [Chinese] government vis-à-vis the Communists except in so far as necessary to get the Japanese disarmed and out of China."

This is a basic document in the record of the failure of White House and State Department leadership. It belies the claims that Truman and Acheson and the State Department *endeavored* to aid the anti-Communist forces in Asia between 1945 and 1950.

Here are the somber facts. This nation possessed men of vision — such as MacArthur and Wedemeyer and Forrestal — who understood

from the beginning the true nature of the conflict with Communism in Asia. MacArthur had warned as early as 1944 that Asia would be the decisive theater in the postwar years. These men knew that in order to impede the growth of enemy power, America would have to oppose the expansion of Communism in China, Korea and Japan.

But they went unheeded. It was Truman, Marshall, and Acheson who implemented our failure in Asia.

Entries in the *Forrestal Diaries* describe the developments in Korea from 1946 to 1948:

*July, 1946:* Robertson [American Commissioner] forecast that if Americans withdrew from China, the Russians would surge in. . . . General Pfeiffer of the Marines confirmed . . . [that] American withdrawal would mean Communist domination of all Manchuria and China.

*October, 1946:* There are many signs of a gathering drive to cut down our armed forces and to persuade the people that we should haul out of Europe and out of China as well.

*January, 1947:* Patterson [Secretary of War] said that the Korean problem was the single most urgent problem now facing the War Department.

*May, 1947:* Patterson reiterated that we should get out of Korea at the earliest possible time. He stressed the expense to the U. S. and the insignificance of the strategic and economic value of Korea.

*September, 1947:* Secretary Marshall said that he was giving close study to the question of getting out of Korea, that to many of his people in the State Department it seemed that the Russian offer to withdraw provided we did might be an opportunity.

*September, 1947:* General discussion about functions of the proposed National Security Council. . . . Norstadt [General, Air Staff] confirmed my impression that State [Department] under Acheson's leadership . . . would undoubtedly try to castrate its effectiveness.

*November, 1947:* The Secretary of State [Marshall] read a paper on the present international situation. Outstanding conclusions: The advance of Communism has been stemmed. . . .

(Earlier on March 20, 1947, Acheson had assured the House Foreign Affairs Committee that there was no danger of a Communist victory in China. "The Chinese government is not approaching collapse," he said. "It is not threatened by defeat by the Communists.")

*February, 1948:* Our available military strength . . . 20,000 in Korea as of March 1, 1948, against requirement of 40,000. . . . In Korea JCS face major problem of how to secure 10,000 additional troops needed urgently by Hodge for critical period ahead.

In 1948 began the series of fateful moves by which we first withdrew military assistance to South

### **The Korean War:**

|                |         |
|----------------|---------|
| DEAD.....      | 18,680  |
| WOUNDED.....   | 75,904  |
| PRISONERS..... | 1,075   |
| MISSING.....   | 9,916   |
|                | <hr/>   |
|                | 105,575 |

(To March 28, 1952)

Korea, and then made it clear to our enemies that we had no intention of defending South Korea.

In January, 1948, the United Nations appointed a Temporary Commission on Korea to supervise free elections by which all the Korean people could set up the "free and independent" nation envisaged at the Cairo Conference. But the Soviets refused to permit the U.N. Commission to enter North Korea.

On May 1, 1948, the Communists created the People's Democratic Republic of Korea, claiming jurisdiction over the entire nation. This action was declared illegal by the United Nations, whose Commission then supervised free elections in South Korea.

In August, 1948, the Republic of Korea was proclaimed and recognized by the United States and the United Nations. The U.N. then ordered all foreign troops out of Korea.

The Soviet Union readily complied with this U.N. order, for when its troops left North Korea they

turned control of that region over to a well-trained, well-equipped, Russian-directed army of more than 125,000 men. When American soldiers were withdrawn, the South Korean Republic was left with only a constabulary force equipped with small arms suitable for the enforcement of law and order.

On November 20, 1948, the Korean National Assembly petitioned the United States to allow American troops to remain in South Korea. The petition was denied.

And here is a curious fact: Immediately after withdrawal of our troops, South Korea was excluded by definitive orders from the territorial boundaries of General MacArthur's Far East Command. MacArthur was denied responsibility for intelligence in South Korea; and South Korea became what has been called a "State Department enclave."

In October, 1949, Congress passed a Military Assistance Act with \$10 millions earmarked for South Korea. But only \$200 worth of signal wire had actually arrived there by June, 1950, when the North Koreans attacked.

On July 17, 1949, Owen Lattimore, adviser to the State Department, wrote in the fellow-traveling New York *Daily Compass*: "The thing to do is to let South Korea fall, but not to let it look as if we pushed it."

In a memorandum delivered at

the State Department's request in August, 1949, he advised: "South Korea is more of a liability than an asset," and the "United States should disembarrass itself as quickly as possible from its entanglements in South Korea."

Then came the remarkable series of moves by which the State Department made clear to the world that we did not intend to defend either South Korea or the island of Formosa.

On January 2, 1950, Senator Robert A. Taft declared that the United States fleet should protect Formosa from Communist invasion. Three days later President Truman angrily derided this position and announced that "no military aid or advice" would be given to the Chinese Nationalists.

On that same day, January 5, 1950, Secretary Acheson appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. He, too, dismissed Senator Taft's advice and declared that the United States had no intention "of utilizing its armed forces to interfere at Formosa or to provide military aid or advice" to the Chinese Nationalists.

On January 12, 1950, Secretary Acheson delivered a major policy speech before the National Press Club. He carefully enunciated our defense policy in the Orient. "Our defense perimeter," he said, "runs along the Aleutians to Japan and then goes to the Ryukyus." Thus he

pointedly excluded South Korea from our line of defense and the world's press so interpreted the speech. As to Formosa, according to the *New York Times*, Acheson said:

But no such line of containment could be drawn in southern and southeast Asia, where the United States had no direct responsibilities and only limited opportunities for action.

On May 5, 1950, Senator Tom Connally, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, was interviewed by the *United States News*. "But Senator," he was asked, "isn't Korea an essential part of our defense strategy?" The Senator replied: "No. Of course any position like that is of some strategic importance. But I don't think it is very greatly important."

Here is the judgment of Mr. Welles, who was Under Secretary of State during President Roosevelt's administration: "The only inference to be drawn [from these statements by Acheson and Connally] was that the United States would not lift a finger to prevent aggression against South Korea."

During the next weeks, the Central Intelligence Agency in Washington received reliable reports that the North Koreans planned to attack South Korea in June. In March, General MacArthur passed on to Washington similar reports, even though he was not responsible for gathering intelligence about Korea.

But the State Department made a careless or incorrect evaluation of this information and took no really effective precautionary measures.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff evidently believed, as General Omar Bradley later testified at the Senate Inquiry, that "Korea is not part of our strategic long-range defense."

On June 10, 1950, speaking in St. Louis, President Truman said: "We are closer to world peace now than at any time in the last three years."

On June 25, 1950, the Communists invaded South Korea; three days later American troops were fighting on Korean soil — and the American fleet was defending Formosa.

Thus the President, without consulting Supreme Far East Commander MacArthur, suddenly switched our foreign policy and on June 25, 1950, ordered MacArthur "to give the Republic of Korea troops cover and support."

THE responsibility of statecraft is to prevent war. The war in Korea might have been prevented if after World War II Truman, Marshall and Acheson had adopted a strong anti-Communist position in the Far East. If they had made a clear announcement that the United States would resist any aggression against or infiltration of South Korea, and backed it up with realistic action, it is most unlikely that the Reds would have attacked.

Either Korea is of strategic importance to us or it isn't. If it is, then Truman and Acheson misled us by withdrawing our troops and opening the way for our enemies to take it. If Korea is not important, then Truman and Acheson misled us by ordering our troops to fight for it.

The fact is, we have fought the Korean war, and we might have to go on fighting it. At present we are in a stalemate — a stalemate brought about by a series of unforgivable blunders on the part of our present political leadership.

1. *We might have won an early victory.* We could have made the war mean something. We could have fulfilled our twice-given pledge to make Korea free and independent; and in fulfilling this pledge we could have encouraged millions of freedom-loving people in Asia to resist Communist aggression.

In February, 1952, this statement was made by General George E. Stratemeyer, who had been in command of all United Nations Air Forces in the Korean theater at the time of the Chinese assault:

We could have smashed the enemy forces completely if we could have sent our aircraft across the Yalu River at the right time. I had the planes and the boys were anxious to cut loose. General MacArthur wanted to let me go ahead. We had control of the air and practically no opposition, except some anti-aircraft. We were prepared to pulverize the Com-

munist airdromes, supply lines and depots so completely that they could not have moved any significant number of troops southward. General MacArthur had complete victory within his grasp if they had given him the green light and supported him reasonably.

In January, 1951, our forces held powerful advantages over the enemy. MacArthur, only a few weeks earlier, had personally reconnoitered the Yalu in bright daylight in an unarmed plane. Our bombers — even the slow B-29's — could operate in daylight in either North Korea or Manchuria. And Manchuria was one of the most vulnerable areas in the world to bombing.

What the American people were never told is that in Manchuria there was only one big factory making nearly all the small arms for the Red forces. This factory, at Mukden, could have been smashed in a single raid. All the heavy arms reaching the Reds came into Manchuria from the Soviet Union over *a single railroad*, and the location of the few scattered depots was well known to our command.

During the MacArthur Hearings in May, 1951, much was said about the "weakness" of our air force in Korea. This air force was powerful enough in January, 1951, to be in complete control of the air; a single railroad, a single factory, and three depots were the waiting targets in Manchuria. So there was nothing



"weak" about our bombing force; the "weakness" was in our statesmen.

In January, 1951, moreover, the Red armies had no modern anti-aircraft guns with computing sights, and anti-aircraft fire was not a threat either to our bombers or our fighters. The Reds were so weak in artillery that they could not support their "human sea" attacks. They were so weak in machine transport that they depended largely on human carriers recruited at gun point.

While this weakness existed, MacArthur had the opportunity to create the free and independent Korean state which was the announced objective of the United Nations. That opportunity has now passed.

2. *We might have had a truce in April, 1951.*

When General MacArthur was denied the opportunity to seek a victory, he took the only logical action:

On March 24, 1951, while our forces still held important advantages, MacArthur addressed this message to the enemy:

Within the area of my authority as military commander . . . I stand ready at any time . . . to confer in the field with the commander-in-chief of the enemy forces in an earnest effort to find any military means whereby the realization of the political objectives of the U.N. might be accomplished without further bloodshed.

### ***Korea and the Elections***

On March 19, 1952, after a talk with the President at the Little White House in Florida, National Chairman of the Democratic Party McKinney told the press: "I think Korea is the paramount issue today. It certainly is in the minds of the general public. . . ."

On March 20, 1952, President Truman declared: "Korea does not enter into politics."

It's difficult for a reasonable mind to quarrel with MacArthur's logic. He had been denied the opportunity to exploit the enemy's weakness and win the war. He knew that from that day on U.N. strength would decline in relation to the growing strength of the enemy. Therefore he sought a truce without delay.

On March 25, 1951, Deputy Secretary of Defense Robert A. Lovett said that "the issues are beyond General MacArthur's responsibility as field commander," and on April 11, 1951, MacArthur was summarily removed from all his commands.

In May, 1951, Senator Herbert Lehman issued a pamphlet called *General MacArthur's Way Is Wrong*. The Senator explained:

Because we seek peace and an end of this war in Korea, our government

is cautious in every decision that might prolong this conflict. I might add that it has been difficult for the men in the field to refrain from attacking the air bases in Manchuria. However, Communist air intervention has not been a factor in the ground action to date; neither has it been any serious threat to our Air Force.

In the year since Senator Lehman published that statement we have watched the Red air force in Manchuria and Korea grow until it is now far larger than our own.

MacArthur was fired for trying to make a truce when he might well have been successful because he held advantages over the enemy. But four months later — when the Soviet Union took the initiative — we began conferring with the enemy.

3. *The truce talks have been only an enemy tactic to ensure our defeat.*

On December 27, 1951, Gill Robb Wilson wrote in the *New York Herald-Tribune*:

There are competent authorities in the Far East who feel that the Korean truce talks have been a mere device for delay and that the Soviet build-up now in progress there presages . . . armed aggression. The training of Soviet fighter groups on a rotation process in Korea has an ominous significance. U.N. airmen lately have been shooting down the greenhorns at a rate not possible against the original group of expert mercenaries who represented the North Koreans and Chinese earlier in

the war. It is notable that Russia is willing to pay this price to give combat training to a large cross-section of the Red air force. We are forced to ask, to what purpose? Recent announcements of Soviet jet fighters which are improvements over the high-performance MIG-15 have substance behind them. It is also to be credited that Soviet aircraft production is far in excess of all free nations combined.

On January 25, 1952, Major General Frank E. Lowe, who was President Truman's personal envoy in Korea, wrote that a major Soviet objective during the truce talks has been "to set up another laboratory war, as in Spain, to test tactics, techniques and weapons."

On February 23, 1952, Hanson Baldwin wrote in the *New York Times*:

There have been too many cooks trying to finish the Korean stew. Pressures of all sorts have complicated the negotiations. Ground commanders have been called strictly to account for casualties, even though it is impossible to exert pressure upon the enemy without casualties. . . . We face, moreover, an enemy well dug in and prepared; the further we push to the north the closer we come within range of enemy air power. The field fortifications along the enemy's front are now very formidable and he is believed to have built up, during the fighting lull, a sizeable stockpile of ammunition and supplies. His coastal flanks are now well protected.

On March 28, 1952, General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Air Force Chief of Staff, told the House Appropriations Committee that Communist China has now become a major air power. He said that Red air strength in the Far East exceeds that of American, even though the United States now has one-third of its combat planes there.

4. *We are now negotiating from weakness instead of strength.*

All of the advantages MacArthur had early in 1951 have now been dissipated. And the Reds have vastly improved their position. Fully conscious of their perilous situation as regards their one railroad, their single big arsenal, and their few depots, they are rushing to complete a new rail line; they have scattered their depots; and they are bringing in reserves and new matériel.

WHAT IS our objective now in Korea? Apparently, our objective is to petition the enemy for some sort of truce — any sort of truce. There are ominous signs that our government's desperation to gain a truce may even cause it to relent in its insistence that the repatriation of prisoners of war be entirely voluntary. To hand over anti-Communist Koreans and Chinese to the Red executioners would be a cynical betrayal of people who took our promises of protection at face value, and would stand as a warning to all our allies, actual and potential,

that we are not to be trusted or believed.

In this phase of the Korean tragedy, what can be said for the quality of our statesmanship?

Has it effectively impeded the growth of enemy power?

Have our present political leaders, by diplomatic skill, prevented the formation of dangerous enemy alliances?

Have Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson by their maneuvers made certain that the military is not impeded in its efforts to win a meaningful victory?

Has our so-called "victory" in Korea resulted in a security gain for the Korean people, for America, and for the free world?

The war in Korea is only one aspect of the world-wide struggle against Communism. A failure to sustain our solemn commitments in Korea, as General MacArthur has said, would probably mean "the ultimate loss of all of continental Asia to international Communism."

The implications of a failure in Korea are fully understood by the Koreans themselves. In a letter from Pusan dated March 16, 1952, Charles Nam Yang wrote to the *New York Times*:

"The fact that the government of the Republic of Korea is actually functioning on Korean soil is largely because American blood has been shed. . . . No Korean will and can be so ungrateful as to cry for more

American blood in order that this small peninsula may remain free and be unified.

"But the American public cannot be too strongly aware of the fact that the very force which has been destroying the lives and properties now in Korea is simply paving the way for doing the same thing in the United States, most probably on a larger scale and more hideously. The Communist conquest of South Korea would not bring forth a temporary peace but rather strengthen the Communist position. . . .

"It is well understood that the American public desires peace. . . . The fighting has been . . . on Korean soil and the Koreans are more exposed to the brunt of the war than anyone else. But it is with full knowledge of this fact that we are less desirous of peace than other peoples. It is not that the Koreans are more sanguinary than other peoples; in

fact they are . . . one of the most peace-loving nations of the world. If they are ready and, indeed, most eager to fight, it is because they know only too well from their own experience that any compromise with Communists will only give them time to destroy those who are not Communists.

"For this reason neither appeasement nor coexistence should be the basic idea of the cease-fire talks. . . . The Republic of Korea may have a very small weight in the orientation of the American policy on the Far East, but there is no doubt that the loss of Korea would be the cause of the Soviet conquest of Japan.

"Besides, what is most disastrous, is that small and neutral countries may be driven to conclude that if democracy cannot be defended in Korea, after such a costly experience, it can never be defended successfully anywhere else."

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## *A Day in Rhode Island*



David C. DeJong

I HAD REASONS, this particular day, for hating Rhode Island. I had lived in the tight little state some eighteen years, and now I needed convincing that I really loved it. The ready quip, that you could lose Rhode Island in any of a dozen Texas ranches, but that all of Texas would go to pot from the effect, was little consolation to me for the time being. I had to find a few really cogent reasons for loving the obvious little conglomeration of ugliness and clutter that hugs the city of Providence, the city which *is* Rhode Island.

On the day I have in mind, I had been called to Providence from suburban Barrington to autograph

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*David C. DeJong, who has spent the last eighteen years wandering in and out of Providence, is an old-time newspaperman and the author of a number of books.*

a few copies of my newest novel, which had been out nearly a week. Two weeks before the invitation had amounted to something like an appointment. In typical Rhode Island fashion, it turned out to be an appointment that didn't quite realize itself — realization had been left to Providence. Upon my arrival at the store, the manager told me quite without embarrassment that he didn't have my books on hand, that he hadn't known the book was out, and that, in fact, he had failed to find the extremely brief review of the book on Providence's one and only book review page. It had been there all right, but intentionally short and hard to find, presumably because I was only a local author — but by more accurate report, because I had been guilty of stepping on someone's toes at Providence's one and only paper.

I had more or less expected this to happen. In a picayunish state, with picayunish manners and social distinctions and dwarfish climbings up the social ladder, that sort of thing happens to you when you rub elbows with the chosen few. When you are a writer, you occasionally have to. So I was almost ready to shrug it off. One shrugs matters off in Rhode Island; it is the patina of morals and manners which Rhode Island assumes that one shrugs off first.

For the moment, however, I was disturbed. Furthermore, I found myself with an empty afternoon on my hands, and how to get through that with a somewhat barbed mind and little forbearance, was a problem. Late in the afternoon I was going to join my wife at a cocktail party, one of those civilized but perverse parties which take place only in Rhode Island. In the interim it might be an excellent idea to take myself to task for loving the little state, its truculence, its difficult charms, and its repressed pretensions.

Quite before my intentions had jelled, I boarded a bus and was on my way to one of Providence's industrial satellite cities. More exactly, I was on my way to a bookie joint, to see what could be felt at the opposite end of Rhode Island's social order. These were the days of one of the *Providence Journal's* righteous crusades against bookies

and gambling, and I found myself in an anti-moral mood.

AS SOON AS I got on the bus I started looking out of the window. While we were still in the heart of the city, I gazed upon a great conglomeration of imitation colonial — piles and piles of brick, unjustified juxtapositions of colonial roofs and gables and dormers, impossible arches, and puritanically white trimmings, which were meant to evoke Providence's dead past, with modern interiors added, of course. These courthouses, schools, banks and insurance houses were the city's false front along the stinking, invisible river.

Very soon the bus left all this behind. We were now in the midst of that unrelieved drabness which is Providence proper. It is an ugliness typical of New England industrial cities — tenements, gruesomely painted flats, blackened double and triple deckers, outmoded streets, inadequate sidewalks, snarled traffic. My bus, as usual, was crowded with latter-day Yankees: Italians, Portuguese, Poles, French Canadians, Jews, Irish, Yorkshiremen, Negroes, Armenians — all these hardly responsible for concocting a city so tawdry. That had been wrought before them. The people themselves were interesting, even enchanting. And when you looked out of the windows, you might also see here and there a miraculously

forgotten, genuinely colonial old house. One's civilized duty was to sigh over it. To weep and deplore, but no more than that, because everything else is sincerely left to Providence. The city lives up to its name, a name that seems to have charmed its influential citizens into a state of inertia.

Now, if you are a proper citizen, you don't visit Pawtucket, Central Falls or Woonsocket, or any of those places. Especially not to find amusement in one of their bookie joints. Not even when in search of one's love for Rhode Island. In those places you are doomed to rub elbows with the wrong people. In Woonsocket, for example, you might even hear more French spoken than English. These satellite towns of Providence are not the right places for the proper New Englander. The only right place is the city's severely limited east side, which is really charming and exclusive, or, outside the city, the superior small towns down Narragansett Bay. There you can even find real *New England* traditions. And, of course, there is Newport, which has its wealth and its peculiar pretenses, even in 1952.

I REACHED my immediate destination. I left the bus, started walking, and soon came to the block which once upon a time had housed almost a score of flourishing bookie and gambling joints. My particular favorite had been called variously

(depending on raids and threats of raids): Jake's Spa, the Hillside Progressive Club, Eli's Emporium, and Ye Little Flower Shoppe. No matter what the name, I had always found it quite accessible and efficient, with a good wire system, a sizable flock of customers and a fair amount of courtesy. I had been introduced to it by my former garbage man, now a financier of sorts. But more of him later.

I found the unpainted building — a squat affair, half of which was occupied by a saloon — with its double front door still blocked by the same upright maple piano. The entrance proper was a secretive looking side door. The other half of the building still housed a "Spa," I discovered. I entered the Spa by its proper front door and found the usual juke boxes and soda fountain. The pinball and slot machines had gone during a previous, *Providence Journal*-inspired, purge. They'd be back later, in their accustomed places. The same moth-eaten moose head looked out dimly over the soda fountain. I was the only customer, and the young soda clerk regarded me with suspicion. I hadn't seen him before, nor he me, but then it had been more than a year since I had visited Jake's place.

Confidently I headed for the door back of the fountain, a door which conceivably might lead anywhere, to any thing. "Whateryelookin' for, Jack?" the soda clerk asked, when I



started rattling the ostensibly nailed-up door.

"Where is it?" I asked ambiguously.

"It?" he asked.

"Where do I place a bet?" I explained.

"I wouldn't know, Jack." And he started rinsing glasses.

"Where is Jake?" I persisted.

"I wouldn't know that either, Jack." He was not old enough to stare me down. In three years maybe. Now he could only rinse glasses vigorously.

I didn't quite want to say it. I didn't care to refer to myself as professor. I didn't think I looked like one. Not even in Rhode Island, with its twisted, inside-out civilization. But I said: "In that case, would you mind asking Jake if he cares to see the professor?"

He indicated the soda fountain. "You'd better have somethin'." He slapped something chocolate, with ice cream and scum, into a glass and slid it in front of me, and as he went through the nailed-up door I hadn't been able to open, he said over his shoulder: "Sorry, no straws."

He returned with Jake. Jake had a face either Polish or Irish, or both, and he looked noncommittal and impervious. They both came in the front door, as if they'd been sauntering by outside and had been surprised to find their Spa sitting there unattended.

Jake's face broke into cataclysmic grins. "Why, it's the perfesser all right," he shouted, extending a hefty but flabby paw. "It's the perfesser okay," he added to the soda-jerk, who was already disposing of the goo he'd shoved in front of me. "Why, perfesser, and how are you? I thought you was dead. Long time no see, picture in the papers nor nothin'. How's the book comin'?"

Which or what book didn't matter. Jake didn't read books, and I was writing a book, or books, or had written one, or would write one. He'd seen my picture in the Providence paper, and his colleague, the ex-garbage man, had introduced me as a writer of books. Hence I must be a professor.

JAKE HAD an orthodox New England accent, Rhode Island variety, with all the *r*'s properly added where they shouldn't be, and all the genuine *r*'s stringently castrated. Jake, at least, seemed pleased to see me, whatever his motives, and led me out of the front door of his Spa, permitting himself to complain that these were tough days, but what was a feller to do. Then he conducted me along a side path toward the back of the Spa, where a very fine, New England colonial sign said: "Little Rhody Kennels." It wasn't anything to laugh at; it was just as genuine as Providence's false front. There was a genuine Doberman pinscher in the kennels, and

also one forlorn cocker spaniel. "Takes somethin' to heat this front," Jake said with true melancholy. "You oughter write a book about this racket, perfesser. It's a caution. And them there jerks in Providence."

With that, we walked into a broom closet and through the back of it, and there was ye olde bookie jointe of yore, with just about the same caliber and number of customers, and several familiar faces among them, all too occupied with business to make any fuss about seeing me again. There was not quite all the paraphernalia of better days, no wire service, but a phone here and there could be pushed through little cupboards into the Spa, the kennels and even the saloon next door. Nor were there quite so many obvious evidences of betting, and listings of horses and tracks. There were several wire-legged tables and chairs, all with checkerboards upon them. Presumably, at any alarm, one fell to playing checkers.

The same cashier, a wizened, young Joe Di Maggio type, shook hands with me formally, and Jake, drawing me into a corner, said gravely: "Got to ride this out. Have no license, natch. But there's the Loophole. If they nab you and sentence you, you can still get the license. It's a great experiment." He shrugged it off, Rhode Island fashion. "Well, how's the book?"

"Fine," I answered, feeling a little sorry that I had come unprepared to bet. There was a horse called Disconsolate running at Hialeah, and the odds on it were good.

But I wasn't there to do any betting today; I wanted to see how the worst and most frowned upon of Rhode Island's citizens were behaving themselves, for whatever consolation there might be in that. Jake came back to report on my ex-garbage man. He hadn't opened yet, he was a bit shy. I told Jake I'd go now and come back later; it so happened I'd come unprepared. He offered help without limit, but I had seen what I wanted to see and was ready to return to Providence.

FROM THE BUS I looked at ugly Architecture again, and the noble but crummy passengers. I recalled my introduction to my friend, the Armenian bookie. He had called on me one afternoon dressed in a proper suit and a tie with hand-painted dolphins, and asked me would I collaborate with him in writing. He'd seen my picture in the paper. Writing what? Well, a story about himself, every man had a story in him, hadn't he? What about himself, I asked, did he himself write? Naturally not . . . you didn't when you could collaborate with a professor. He couldn't quite make himself say author. It sounded pretentious and indecent to him. I asked him if he had any time to

write, suggesting he might try it for a few months and then show me his product. He hemmed and hawed and seemed reluctant to tell me what his job was and how much spare time he had. Thinking he might be an undertaker's helper, we left matters rather in the air.

Then one morning at five, when I was letting the cat out, I came face to face with our garbage collector. I hadn't encountered him before; I was seldom up that early. He was in uniform and he was startled in the June dawn to meet me in my pajamas. Most informally, we recognized each other as friends. "How's the book coming?" I asked, in much the same fashion Jake had asked me a little while ago. He grimaced. "Hell, there's no future in it, professor. I can tell. . . ." He indicated the humble house I lived in and my inferior garbage, but without disparagement of my character, soul, or social status. I had chosen the wrong racket and I was stuck with it. Like himself; this garbage racket now! But, professor, he was on to something big. One of these days he'd pick me up and let me see. That is, if I liked horses. And there is only one way you like horses in little Rhode Island, with its two large race tracks.

So it came about that my ex-garbage man, who had chosen more wisely than I, picked me up one day in a splendid new car and drove me in state to his bookie joint back

of a funeral parlor, and introduced me to the game. He also introduced me to Jake, but not as a professor, as an author, now that he had a witness. He even seemed to hint that I could bring culture to a bookie joint, and in New England culture is respected.

AS I RECALLED this, the bus brought me back into Providence. By this time I had quite forgotten the aborted autographing party. Already somewhat intoxicated by the bookie joint reception and deception, I met my wife and we went to our cocktail party. It was a typical Rhode Island cocktail party. The men were not bumptious, the women were not good-looking, and didn't even dress well. But neither did they simper or flutter; they were instead genuinely alive and feminine. Everyone there had done something in the artistic way, and without malice or vanity. There were good painters there, good musicians, good writers. Prose writers, that is; Rhode Island can't boast of one respectable poet, and won't, until perhaps tomorrow when some soul realizes that romanticism here is dead and all the poetry is in the jumbled-up present.

We sat and talked and talked. Everyone, as usual, was tilting at windmills. It was the casual and civilized thing to do. What one said was usually quite true, and concerned things that were indeed to

be deplored. Ah, there were remedies, but one didn't get to them. A school teacher informed us that she knew for a fact that it was impossible for a Protestant or Jew to get a teaching position in three of the city's largest high schools. The Catholics dominated the entire educational system. We all nodded; we tilted at that windmill and passed to another. After all, weren't the drinks, weren't the hors d'oeuvres good?

Then there was the subject of old Rhode Island colonial houses. Of course, there wasn't a genuine example of modern architecture to be found in Rhode Island, but that was to be expected. And those lovely old houses, you deplored that they were all well on the down grade, all getting to be rooming and bawdy houses, or funeral parlors. In other states, in other cities, they did something about that; here any action would be too drastic and above all too ambitious.

For instance, there was the Old Mansion House I had come to when I started living in Providence. It was excessively historical. Franklin and Washington and people like that had danced, slept and supped there. Eventually, three years after my coming to Providence, some historical group put a plaque on the house, telling about the sleeping, dancing and supping of the mighty ones there. There was a dedication, some flag raising, tootling by a band, speeches by a senator and a

governor, while all the time the current lessee of the structure, a lady fresh from County Cork, in a magenta dress, sat on the balcony amid fluttering flags, because she belonged there. But two years later the entire edifice was torn down, and now there is a vacant lot full of rubble, and of course fine regrets are expressed over tea and cocktails. Ah, but all of old and once lovely Benefit Street was being desecrated; the indignation was wonderful to behold.

AND SO WE DEPLORED the local arts, politics and religions, and noted with special sorrow that the Providence police and fire departments arbitrarily decide which movies or plays can be shown in the city. But on the other hand, weren't we much more civilized and cultured than anything west of the Hudson River, and anybody south of the Connecticut state line? And then we deplored the city's newspaper, pretending that it was a good paper essentially, but why was it such an ineffectual one, especially when it launched out on its many untoward crusades, always managing to hurt the wrong institutions and causes? And why was nearly all its coverage, from books and the arts down to horse racing and baseball, in the hands of men who pretended to be superior to their subjects? What a wonderful windmill to tilt at, so firmly fixed. And while tilting, one

could forget the newspaper had a habit of tilting at windmills, too.

AFTER THE COCKTAIL PARTY, feeling appeased and surfeited, and reminding ourselves about how unpretentious Rhode Island people really are, my wife and I go downtown to one of the splendid Chinese restaurants. They are the only decent (at the price) eating places in the city. And for a while we keep telling ourselves pleasantly that Rhode Island has the most wonderful book shop this side of New York, and one of the best public libraries anywhere, and a great university, some fine colleges, the largest state capitol, and two magnificent race tracks. All that amid all our down-at-heel ugliness. And that it is really a good thing to let either the Roman Catholics or the Jews take the reins for a while. Because it would all lead to the great leavening later, of course.

For the time being there was nothing better to do than fret nicely. For the time being everybody was following that difficult though rather negative ideal of letting each day's evil suffice. That is an ideal that doesn't make for terrible unrest. People don't move from Rhode Island. It is crowded and

close, but there is no other place to run to. Nor is there any sense reaching for the moon. Or getting a head start on the Joneses, as they do so ardently in places west of the Hudson. Or to go steeping and eventually smothering oneself in traditions, as one is so apt to do down South. One has so little reason or taste for traditions here. They are already so far gone and lost. Besides, one is too much of a mixture, a little of everything. So it's much more civilized to allow each day's evil to suffice.

After the good Chinese meal there is a bus to take home, down Narragansett Bay way. It is a slow bus, because the roads are narrow and crooked, and there are no open stretches. Our town is a quiet and old-fashioned town, and also it is the only dry town in the entire state. Its dryness is something of a gesture, because other towns, and even the state line, are only a mile or two away. It is an inconvenience, of course, and something of an imposition. Something else to fret about over cocktails with neighbors. Because in Barrington, too, it's the custom to let each day's evil suffice, and here the greatest evil actually seems to be unmolested traditionalism.

"One day we shall beat the Americans  
with their own guns and planes . . ."

# WHAT PRICE TITO?

Bogdan Raditsa

ON JANUARY 8, 1952, the United States signed an aid pact with Yugoslavia agreeing to bolster Tito's regime with military and industrial equipment. To date at least two shipments of military supplies have been delivered at the port of Fiume; a substantial amount of industrial supplies is on the way. In addition, since 1949 the United States has been pouring into Yugoslavia shiploads of food — as strategic as military supplies in a country composed primarily of peasants. This aid, granted according to the terms of the Marshall Plan and the Truman Doctrine, is intended to help Yugoslavia fight Communism. Instead, as announced to the Yugoslav people

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*In our series of articles examining the U. S. position in regard to various critical areas of the world (see "What To Do About Franco" in our March issue), we present an analysis of the Yugoslav situation by Tito's former Press Chief, who is a frequent MERCURY contributor.*

and to the world by Tito and his spokesmen, American aid is being used by them to *advance* Communism.

"Do not worry because of our present dealings with the United States," one of Tito's men proclaimed recently at a popular meeting. "One day we shall beat the Americans with their own guns and planes . . . and achieve our dream — Communist domination of the entire world!"

And on March 15, 1952, Tito declared unequivocally that the importation of food, guns and machinery must not involve the importation of the democratic ideas that made possible the production of these items. "We are being washed by the waves of petty-bourgeois ideas from the West," he said. "The character of the Communists has paled. It has changed owing to many strange conceptions which have penetrated the party. . . . We shall systematically pay attention to the

character of the Communists such as it should be in the party and the university. . . . We shall not be sorry if there will be 100,000 members fewer in the party if that would make the party stronger." The total membership of the Yugoslav Communist Party, headed by Tito, is 500,000. He is willing, therefore, to sacrifice one-fifth of his party to guarantee the triumph of Communism in Yugoslavia. Such is Tito's absolute dedication to the ideology propagated chiefly, though not exclusively, by Stalin.

To some extent Tito stands in Yugoslavia where Stalin stood in Soviet Russia thirty years ago. He wants to consolidate Communist power securely in one country before he engages actively in general world revolution. But he is, in a way, far luckier. By a peculiar twist of fate he has managed to get himself regarded by the democratic West as an "ally" — as the valiant leader of a small but geographically important nation that might be depended on, in a crisis, to oppose Soviet Communism. For that reason he is receiving American dollars, or what is even better, the things that American dollars alone can buy.

AND WHAT IS TITO doing with the material goods sent him by the United States government and paid for by the American people? He is building a thorough-going Communist regime in Yugoslavia. The food

America has sent under the Mutual Security Aid program has gone toward boosting Tito's collectivization program, which deprives Yugoslav peasants both of their land and their freedom to work the land as they choose. The immediate effect of collectivization in Yugoslavia, as in Soviet Russia in the late twenties and early thirties, was a breakdown in agricultural production resulting in famine. Food supplies from America appeased the hunger, if not the indignation, of the Yugoslav peasants, and made them slightly more receptive to the demands their government is imposing upon them. American aid did something much more. It lifted the morale of the Yugoslav people. In the narrow, dusty streets of the many tiny mountain villages of my country, hard-working men met and said joyfully: "America is sending us wagonloads of food. Go down to the store, and you'll see half the labels on canned goods are in English. It must mean Tito has made an agreement with the West — the dictatorship is over!"

Their joy was not to last even until spring. For Marshal Tito promptly declared (in January, 1951) that American aid to Yugoslavia would in no way "change the character of our [Communist] revolution" — and that "every machine brought into the country helps to build socialism [i.e., Communism]." He expressed his contempt for the West and his

basic agreement with Stalin's Communist procedure when he added:

We see that the Bolsheviks were right when, in former times, they asserted that socialism could be built with the help of capitalist countries. Magnitogorsk was built with the assistance of American engineers, and nobody ever doubted the Bolsheviks' loyalty to Communism. The same thing is true of the aid given us by Western capitalists.

Tito's Foreign Minister, Edward Kardelj, at the same time he was signing the January, 1952 agreement with the United States, was saying in Belgrade that Washington's aim in assisting Yugoslavia was "to prepare the ground for the expansion of the American monopoly and the economic and political subjugation of Europe." He agreed with Marshal Tito that "the more help we get from the West and the quicker it is forthcoming, the faster we shall be able to build the socialist order in the country."

In February, 1952, the American Ambassador to Belgrade, George V. Allen, further clarified the situation when he said that "the official line" of Tito's regime is "Communitic and is going to remain that way."

The men leading Yugoslavia today are those very men who, during World War II, successfully maneuvered Western diplomats into lending their approval and prestige to the Communist subjugation of the Yugoslav people. Tito's wartime

record as head of the Yugoslav Communist Party is a warning that he will again betray the West, as he did in 1941-45, if it is expedient to his purposes. It should not be forgotten that by 1943 England and the United States had already recognized Tito's Partisans and given them substantial help. But when the Allied High Command was considering landing troops at Yugoslav ports in order to outflank the Germans in Northern Italy, the present Foreign Minister, Kardelj, declared at a secret party meeting that Partisan forces would "fight the Anglo-American soldiers and prevent their landing." Later, Tito's present Chief of Staff, General Popovich, wrote that in 1944 the Army of National Liberation had been ready "to drive the British and Americans into the sea. . . . It was Yugoslavia that frustrated the carrying out of Churchill's plan to land Anglo-American troops in the Balkans. Yugoslavia's political influence undoubtedly facilitated the process of disengaging the Eastern European countries from the imperialist chain."

WHEN I RETURNED to Yugoslavia in 1945 with other democratic leaders who had spent the war years in exile in the West, I found Tito and Kardelj, as well as the smaller Communist leaders, confident that they could outsmart any Anglo-American representatives sent to deal with them. We tried to con-



vince them of the subtlety of Western diplomacy, but they only laughed at us. "We know better than you how to fool those innocents in London and Washington," they said again and again. As things have turned out, who can deny they were right?

Since the end of the war the United States government has aided Tito's regime to the extent of some one billion dollars, as compared with the seventy millions lent Yugoslavia for business purposes in the two decades between the wars. At the end of World War II, Yugoslavia received \$500 millions in UNRRA goods—with, of course, "no strings attached." Tito's Communists were the sole authorities permitted to distribute UNRRA supplies to the people. I was then in the Yugoslav government, and saw how those supplies were used to gain support for Communism. In every village, it was dinned into the people that the American food supplies and American or Canadian tractors and trucks had been sent by "Mother Russia"—whatever was contributed by the Western world only showed its appreciation of the victory to which "the victorious Communist Party" had led Yugoslavia. Tito's election in 1945, which won him official recognition by the Western world, was due largely to his use of UNRRA goods as bribes. UNRRA supplies were kept in storage for months, only

to be released and distributed as Communist largesse in the weeks preceding the elections. In every corner of the land Tito's agents spread the tidings that the Soviet Union *and* America and England wanted the people to vote for Tito.

But by 1946, when Tito shot down American military planes over Yugoslavia, the people of the United States began to suspect that Tito might not be, after all, a true friend of the West. There were those in London and Washington who feared that Tito's provocative acts might lead to war between the Soviet Union and the West, that perhaps he should be got rid of before it was too late.

But the lightning struck not from the West but from the East. It was Stalin who excommunicated Tito, and Yugoslavia was expelled from the Cominform. Even then Tito did not act hastily. He waited over a year, until no doubt remained that Stalin's decree was final, before he accepted Washington and London offers to denounce his former master and head the anti-Stalin heresy.\* But the Belgrade heresy, though assiduously propagated by hopeful

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\* There are those who maintain that the Stalin-Tito break was a hoax designed by Stalin to confuse the West. I do not subscribe to this view. Tito was thoroughly bewildered by Stalin's excommunication, and for a year afterwards refrained from uttering a word against his former master and refused any overtures of friendship from the West. He changed his policy only when there was no longer any doubt that Stalin's act was final.

leaders in the West, yielded few converts. No important Communist in the West went over to the heretics. And in the satellite countries Stalin had the new charge of "Titoism" to fling at those he wished to liquidate for other reasons.

With the failure of Titoism as a rival to Stalinism, the Yugoslav dictator devised a different tactic for securing Western support. Whenever the internal financial situation becomes dangerously grim, dispatches suddenly go out from Belgrade announcing an imminent attack against Yugoslavia by Russia or one of the Soviet satellites. The United States government rushes to the rescue with the necessary aid — since 1949, it has contributed another \$500 million to save Tito's economy from collapse. And this is only the beginning. It is evident that America in the period from 1952 to April, 1954, when the present aid pact expires, will have spent around \$200 million yearly to support Communism in Yugoslavia.

WHAT TITO HAS DONE in Yugoslavia since gaining government control in 1945 is a point-by-point repetition of what the Communists did in Russia in the first years after the Bolshevik Revolution. With \$500 million worth of UNRRA supplies at his disposal, Tito was able to destroy the pre-war system of private enterprise and liquidate the large and small

peasantry, the middle class, and the non-Communist white-collar workers. The forced imposition of a Communist economy had the same initial consequences in Yugoslavia as elsewhere; famine, starvation, disruption of commerce and distribution, and the creation of new vested interests to supplant the doomed classes of the old society. Tito introduced what he calls his NEM (New Economic Measures) to preserve the essential elements of the first revolutionary period, complete the destruction of free enterprise, and continue the Five-Year Plan introduced shortly before the break with Moscow. "When we speak about the democratization of our country," Tito said in September, 1951, "that question should be rightly understood. We may have been too hasty in the application of some of our dictatorial methods, but there is no question for us of turning toward a form of Western democracy. We are a socialist country, building socialism and ultimately striving to attain the higher goal of socialism, which is Communism."

These were the words Tito was speaking to the Yugoslav people at approximately the same time Dean Acheson was expressing to the United States Senate his hope that the Yugoslav regime would mitigate its policy of agricultural collectivization, and modify its rigidly controlled and highly centralized

economy to permit a larger measure of private enterprise.

THE PAST YEAR in Yugoslavia has witnessed an amazing display of resistance by the peasants to all attempts to make them accept subjugation to the Communist regime. Tito's only answer to this defiance is the promise of new controls on farm production and redoubled government efforts to communize the countryside.

The peasant rebellion, Tito's press reveals, originated in one of the most independent regions of Yugoslavia, Catholic Croatia. There the peasant movement, in the words of Communist Premier Bakaric, is "oldest and strongest." Founded several decades ago by the brothers Ante and Stjepan Radic, this movement's advocacy of individual peasant ownership of land rallied the villages to it. That same idea lay behind the Croatian peasants' resistance to Tito's collectivization. The Communist organ *Vjesnik*, in its issue of August 20, 1951, gives an account of one peasant revolt against the collective system. It is typical of many.

Pavao Gradinjanin, a member of a collective farm in the village of Detkovic, plotted with other peasants to break up the collective. Fearing severe punishment, he did not come out openly, but enlisted two partners to work for him.

For some time he had looked

about the village for two accomplices, and finally found them. At a secret meeting, he convinced them that the collectives were bad, and should be disrupted and forced to disband. "If we do not pass the word around and break up the collectives," he said, "at the end of the year all the land will be state-owned. We shall be reduced to the position of poverty-stricken hired hands."

The two accomplices fell in with his arguments and passed the word around among the other peasants. In a few weeks, their organization was ready. . . .

The conspirators were helped a great deal by a woman, Jana Kovachevich, who won over the other women in the village. To gain additional support, Jana promised that members of the collective would get back their horses, which had been sold the year before, their cattle, and some money. . . .

When the scheme was ready, the confederates went to the chairman of the collective's council and forced him to call a plenary meeting. At the meeting, Gradinjanin's accomplices presented a motion to the effect that it was the wish of all the peasants to leave the collective. Gradinjanin himself did not speak, but only nodded. Noisy Jana, as she is now called, started bawling at the top of her lungs: "We don't want the collectives! We want our cattle! Let everyone get back the land he owns. . . ."

Gradinjanin and his accomplices, the story concludes, were arrested and condemned to several years im-

prisonment — at the very moment when Tito was promising to “humanize and democratize” the collective farm system.

The December 12, 1951, issue of *Vjesnik* carried the following factual account of “the difficulties” resulting from collectivization by a leading member of the Politburo of the Croatian Communist Party, Slavko Komar:

Last spring work on some collective farms fell off to such a degree that losses ran into millions of dinars. Dissatisfaction and doubt were expressed in some districts, amounting to a large-scale movement among workers to quit [the collectives]. In Beli Manastir, our largest collective farm district, twenty of the fifty-four collectives were in a critical state, with 2,500 of the 6,000 households joining the exodus. Data concerning compulsory deliveries and free-market sales show in 1947 a decrease of thirty per cent from 1939; in 1948 a decrease of twenty per cent; and a decrease of thirty-three per cent in 1950. . . . Interest in collective farming has dropped. . . . The farmers have the impression that the cooperatives do not belong to them, but are rather organs of [state] power. . . . There is a gigantic bureaucratic apparatus. . . . There is no assurance that the work of some members will not be misused by others. The initiative is not distributed among the great number of collective workers, but concentrated in the hands of our party organizers.

This deplorable situation could have been easily remedied by returning their land to the peasants. But this the party planners would not do. Remonstrances of the West against forced collectivization, delivered along with aid and credits to alleviate the famine and misery it caused, have not deterred by one iota Tito’s deliberate liquidation of Yugoslavia’s independent peasantry. His official publication, *Borba*, announced on February 22, 1952, that the consolidation of 9,000 privately owned farms into 120 collectives in the fertile Vjvodian district would be completed before the spring planting. By next fall’s planting he intends to turn an additional 40,000 farms into 500 collectives. While *Borba* stresses the fact that seventy per cent of the independent peasants have bowed to collectivization, it does not mention the widespread opposition to it. According to recent reports from Croatia and Serbia, the new steep taxes imposed upon peasant proprietors have already compelled many of them to give up the fight and join newly organized collective farms.

THE WEST IS ASSISTING Yugoslavia economically and militarily for one purpose — to enable it to resist Soviet aggression. But how can Yugoslavia effectively resist either Soviet might or infiltration when the principal source of its military manpower, the peasantry,

is dissatisfied and in revolt? What answer can the West give to the Yugoslav peasants' question: Why fight for Tito's Communism — it's no different from Stalin's?

The Croats, Serbs, Slovenes, Montenegrins, and Macedonians, whose history is one long struggle for freedom, will join their Balkan neighbors, the Greeks and Turks, in repelling Soviet imperialism only if they are persuaded that this will also mean their liberation from Tito's dictatorship. But the Anglo-American policy-makers close their eyes to this and expect a stubborn and individualistic peasantry to fight Stalin while they are in the iron grip of their own native Stalin. This is the height of self-deception, especially as Tito's army is a Communist, and not a national, armed force — that is, *it is an army whose principal function is to secure the Communist dictatorship, not to defend the country*. It was formed as such during the war, and so it has remained, an army essentially trained for guerrilla operations. Its officer cadres are poor, its equipment a hodgepodge of outmoded German and Russian equipment for which spare parts are lacking, and recently received British and American arms. None of the higher officers knows how to command armored units. Even with the tank equipment now being sent from America, Tito's army would be routed by a better-trained foe.

To become a modern army, it

needs to be thoroughly reorganized and modernized under the guidance of a substantial American military mission. The members of such a mission should mingle freely with the Yugoslav soldiers, teaching them new techniques, building up a new spirit of real friendship with the democracies. Instead, in return for a recent delivery of arms, Tito agreed to allow a shadow American military mission of thirty men to enter Yugoslavia. Their movements are restricted, and they are politically responsible to the American ambassador, who, in efforts to further Yugoslav-American solidarity, has seemed inclined to forget that the American people have a low opinion of Communist dictatorships.

WHENEVER an Anglo-American expert expresses doubt as to the ability of Tito's Communist army to help defend the West, Tito answers angrily that his army's task is a political one. In a significant speech last December, he revealed some interesting facts. Since the war, he boasted, all army cadres have been indoctrinated in the Communist faith and discipline. From 1945 to 1951, 42,286 officers and men passed through Communist military schools. Of these, 5,000 officers were graduated from different political and military schools in the Soviet Union, and 4,500 were qualified for different special tasks. In addition, 52,852 officers and non-

commissioned officers passed examinations in the history of the Communist Party. Special attention is given in the army, he insisted, to ideological education in Marxism-Leninism. Yearly, he said, student soldiers hear something like a "million informative talks and 700,000 lectures on Communist ideology."

A less statistical picture of the indoctrination of Tito's soldiers is given in the following excerpt from a letter written by a young Croatian who escaped recently to Austria:

From early morning to late at night our time was taken up with military and political instruction [i.e., Communist indoctrination]. Our superiors were especially concerned with our behavior during the political classes. They tried to get us on their side by every means, both agreeable and disagreeable. . . . After six months we received our first furlough to visit the city — under the supervision and control of the garrison's commissar. Before leaving we were told at least a hundred times not to get in touch with any of the people of the city, nor to speak to friends or acquaintances if we should meet them on the street.

After a while I was transferred to frontier guard service in Slovenia. There again the main point was political indoctrination emphasizing continually that Communism must win the whole world.

At present, Tito's army, along with the bureaucracy, is undergoing a sweeping purge. Officers, high and

low, have been arrested on the charge of engaging in sabotage and espionage for the Cominform. Almost daily, government officials are brought to trial and confess to having given, or been about to give, information to the Soviet Union. Tito's various missions and delegations to the West are undeniably infiltrated with Stalinists who are working at the orders of the Kremlin. Some of these, when recalled to Belgrade, have taken refuge in a satellite country. The case of the Serzentic brothers is famous. Vasa Serzentic was financial counselor in the Yugoslav Embassy in Washington; his brother, Voya, was in the government as chief of economic relations with the West. The Washington Serzentic, when summoned home, flew instead to Prague, while Voya Serzentic was arrested in Belgrade together with his wife Dragica, a high official in the Foreign Ministry, and accused of communicating information to the Soviets. Recently, ten members of the party's newspaper *Borba* were arrested on the same charge. It is clearer than ever today that this process has been intensified.

THE IMPORTANCE of Yugoslavia to the West is clear by glancing at a map of Europe. Tito's decision not to join the North Atlantic Treaty Organization prevents the West, in the event of war, from attacking through the Balkans. It

permits the Soviet Union and her satellites to concentrate their offensive against one point, possibly Germany. It also indicates his determination not to interfere with the basic Soviet aim, which he shares, of world Communist revolution.

A few Western leaders, especially among the military, have become aware recently of the true role of Tito's Yugoslavia in any future armed conflict between the democratic and Communist worlds. They have begun to fear that aid given to Tito may, in time, redound to Stalin's advantage. For one thing, there is the possibility of Stalinists ousting Tito by an internal coup and turning the arms he has received against the West. For another, there is the possibility of a rapprochement with the Kremlin—and that, in my opinion, Tito may be counting on rather strongly. Not with Stalin, of course. He knows there is no hope of that. But Stalin is not going to live forever. I think Tito may very well be waiting patiently for the day of Stalin's death, when the new rulers in the Kremlin will forgive him his heresy and receive him back into the Communist fold. With that ultimate goal in prospect, he takes every opportunity and every step to prove that he is a "good" Communist, that his loyalty and dedication to the tenets of the Revolution are unwavering.

In spite of this situation and the disastrous prospect it presents, the

West can do something to change it—the West can do something about Tito. The United States must and should, before giving another dime's worth of aid to Yugoslavia, demand that the following simple conditions be met:

- 1) An end to all attempts at agricultural collectivization, and the abolition of the existing collective farm system. Furthermore, United States government officials should make clear to the Yugoslav people, through the press, movies, pamphlets, by radio, that they and the American people are unalterably and uncompromisingly opposed to this modern form of feudal serfdom.

- 2) Acceptance by the Yugoslav government of an American military mission of no less than a thousand men from the rank of sergeant to colonel. These officers must be assured absolute freedom of movement in the country and the army camps. They must have the right to insist that the military equipment provided by America and paid for by American taxpayers be actually used to train an army that, in the event of war, would fight to defend the Yugoslav nation and not Communism.

- 3) Abandonment of the rigorous Communist Party discipline of writers, musicians, artists, and scholars, intensified recently, which deprives them of all intellectual freedom and forbids any cultural exchange with the West. Indication of a possible



"purge" of the intellectuals was implicit in a warning issued by the Communist Party of Yugoslavia in February, 1952, "to the effect [as reported in the *New York Times*, February 16] that there can be no question of a return to Western 'petty-bourgeois artistic and intellectual standards,' and that while Yugoslav intellectuals and artists are to enjoy greater freedom than before the rupture with the Soviet Union, that freedom must be exercised within the framework of socialism."

IT SHOULD BY NOW BE CLEAR TO all that the policy of the Western, particularly American, leaders in their relations with Yugoslavia has been a failure. Their attitude toward Tito has been based on a false premise. For all their support of him in his struggle with Stalin, for all their calling him a "democrat" until they themselves have come to believe it, they have got nowhere. They have not, as they expected, disrupted the world Communist movement through "Titoism." They have not gained a trustworthy ally in Tito. Furthermore, with their friendly gestures and their "no strings attached" aid, they have actually let Tito gain the upper hand.

I know Tito. As a former member of his government, I am well acquainted with his ideas and character. I myself have succumbed to his per-

sonal charm and the cultivated quality of his mind and manners. Tito is no boor or brooder like Stalin. He is affable, outgoing. You like him; he's your comrade. But he is a dedicated Communist, and for that reason he is as steady of purpose and as ruthless as Stalin, as Mao Tse-tung, as any Communist dictator must be. And he will remain a devoted and unswerving Communist to the end of his days.

Soft words and lenient tactics will never get anywhere with Tito. He understands only such dedication of purpose as he himself possesses, and such firmness of action as he demonstrates. Until and unless the Western leaders recognize this basic fact, and adopt a policy in accord with it, they will never succeed in their relations with Tito's government. This does not necessarily mean they have to "get tough" with Tito. It does mean they must not allow their aid to be used in Yugoslavia to further the Communist cause. They must ask before they give, set forth certain minimum demands that must be met, in exchange for the food, military equipment, and industrial supplies Tito needs. They should formulate their policy on the principle that it is Yugoslavia and the Yugoslav people they care about, not Tito and his Communist regime. Only then can they feel reasonably sure that Tito will not, one day, "beat the Americans with their own guns and planes."



# The SUICIDE of Recognizing RED CHINA

Edward Hunter

THE MOST IMPORTANT political issue in Asia is that of the recognition of Communist China by the Western Powers and the United Nations. I never would have suspected this before visiting those Asian countries. Now, after seeing the use that has been made of recognition in those countries whose governments have granted it, and the effect of it on Asians everywhere, I feel that this issue can be called decisive, in its military sense, indicating a turning point.

This, of course, is not how it looks in the important capitals of the world. In America and Europe, it

doesn't seem to be such a vital issue at all. Outside of Asia, it looks like just another diplomatic tussle. What difference does it make if a long-winded Peiping delegate sits or doesn't sit in the United Nations? Don't all the delegates spend most of their time there talking anyway?

But in Asia, far from being a mere diplomatic debate, the recognition issue is a naked contest for power. In China and its divorced anti-Communist appendage of Formosa, and in Singapore and Malaya, as well as Japan, Indonesia, Burma, Thailand, and the Philippines, this recognition issue is a matter of deeds, not words. It decides whether a man must conform his day-to-day life to the theory that Communism is here to stay, that it will inevitably reach his neighborhood in the not too distant future, and that he better put

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*Edward Hunter, author of the recently published Brainwashing in Red China, is a regular contributor to THE MERCURY. From his Hong Kong base he has covered most of the Far East during the last years.*

himself on record as being on the right side. In Asia, this question intimately and physically determines one's whole conduct. Every move made regarding it in the West is eagerly and nervously watched as a guide to action.

Obviously, people in faraway America and Europe cannot be expected to view it the same way. They cannot conceive, in their normal environments at home, that such an issue of protocol can decide how a simple citizen should arrange his social, political, and business life, even what newspapers he will read. In the East, this is exactly what it does. As the argument goes in the U.N., so goes the "people's resistance" in opposite ends of Asia, in Korea and Malaya, and to it is adjusted the daily life of Asians everywhere else.

WHAT has been happening in Asia is that recognition of Red China, starting out as a matter of protocol, quickly leads to a change in a people's whole relationship and attitude to the Communist movement. In Asia, Western governments such as Britain's, and Eastern nations such as India, must put their recognition into effect. And to do so has meant a bias in their actions that have made them allies of Communism, although they dislike it heartily, and enemies of the anti-Communist movement, although their own futures depend on its success.

This permeates into extraordinary spheres. The editor of a Chinese so-called third-force weekly was at first refused permission to buy space on the billboard of the ferry in Hong Kong "until you get the approval of the Chinese government."

"What Chinese government?" he asked. "Do you mean Formosa?"

"Oh no," he was told. "That isn't the Chinese government. Britain recognizes Peiping."

"How in the world do you expect an anti-Communist publication to get the approval of a Communist government," he pressed, and only after long and tedious negotiation was he allowed to advertise, and even then given the least conspicuous spot. Meanwhile, the two principal Communist newspapers in Hong Kong shared the back and front of the ferry station, where nobody could miss seeing what they have to say. These newspapers lead the chorus denouncing Hong Kong "on principle."

More sensational matters are involved, too. The first sight that greets the eye of the air passenger to Hong Kong is a long, long row of airplanes stretched down the length of Kai Tak airfield. They all have the red flag neatly painted on their tails. In order to leave or enter the airfield, everyone has to pass this procession. These are the planes that were bought with American money, and which the Nationalist government of China sold to Major General Claire

Chennault's airline to operate in a plain business deal. These are the seventy-two planes that the Hong Kong courts gravely decided belonged to "the government of China," conveniently handing down the long-delayed decision just a few days after London recognized Peiping. These are the planes, too, which if not kept by the British police on the airfield at Kai Tak, might have changed the war situation in Korea during those precarious early days. The least that can be said with certainty is that possession of such a nearby fleet of modern planes would have saved many, many American lives, and as it turned out, ultimately many British lives as well. The red flag flies high on a corner building overlooking the airfield, as a testimonial to this Communist victory.

**R**ECOGNITION HAS GONE farther than this. Take Indonesia, for example. Indonesia is a new nation born of World War II, whose independence was granted so fast that it admittedly caught even its republican leaders by surprise. In their efforts to achieve internal security and lull insurgent groups into harmony, they followed what was first called a policy of neutrality, and then an independent policy. This entailed recognition of Peiping. The contradictions and loopholes this created have been the main strength of the fifth columns dedicated to the violent overthrow of the young re-

public. It even converted an underground Communist agent, with very limited scope, from a man who had been expelled from the country in handcuffs to an ambassador, in which position he was able to resume his subversive conspiracies on a scale he never before imagined. The effect this transfer of position had on the morale of the people of Indonesia can be easily imagined. What else could it mean to the simple farmer or worker than that the Reds are right when they warn they are coming back in power?

The major fifth column in Indonesia was, of course, the Chinese. Every Indonesian official to whom a foreign correspondent talks refers to this Chinese fifth column. Yet, seduced by the logic of Red recognition, these same Indonesian officials were giving the Chinese inhabitants no alternative but to join and support it.

A typical example was how Indonesia implemented the treaty under which Holland granted it sovereignty. This provided that persons of Chinese blood born in Indonesia had to decide by the end of 1950 whether they would be Indonesian or become Chinese nationals. This required a specific rejection of Indonesian citizenship. Everyone assumed that, naturally, the Chinese could opt for Peiping or for Formosa. Forms were printed on that assumption. But it wasn't to be. Somebody pointed out that Indo-

nesia recognized Peiping, and that to permit the Chinese to choose Formosa was "an unfriendly act toward the government of China." So the Chinese in Indonesia were allowed to choose only between being nationals of a China interpreted as Peiping, or to be stateless, if they decided to reject Indonesian nationality. Meanwhile, the Chinese-language press, overwhelmingly Red, stressed that Peiping would have nothing to do with those Chinese who remained Indonesian, subtly letting them know they would have no protection against discrimination.

Anyone who knows anything about the psychology of overseas Chinese, particularly in Asia where they constitute disliked minorities, depending for their safety on strong protection from China, knows that the one classification that would be sure to horrify them, and which they would surely refuse under any circumstances, would be that of "stateless." So the figures showed. Hardly any Chinese chose to be stateless. Those who, for racial or other ties, wished to be Chinese in nationality, had no alternative but to list themselves as Communist Chinese. What the Peiping regime had been unable to put across, the Indonesian government which it was pledged to overthrow did for it, bringing into the Communist orbit tens of thousands through so-called voluntary signature.

This put these overseas Chinese on the Nationalist blacklist, and made their participation in the subversive plots being hatched by the Chinese Communist Embassy almost wholly unavoidable. This obligatory membership in a Communist regime, imposed on these Chinese in Indonesia by a susceptible Jakarta government, was as eloquent a warning to them as could be given that they had better implement their new allegiance by deeds; in other words, join the fifth column.

Indonesia has given numerous examples of how the logic of Red recognition is followed to suicidal extremes in Asia. After all, Indonesia is part of the U.N., and except for pressure of the United States through the U.N., it would still be under the Dutch flag. Yet recognition of Red China brought Jakarta to a policy which is, in effect, a repudiation of the U.N. stand on what group represents the Chinese people.

The anniversary of the establishment of a Communist regime in Peiping was celebrated formally in Indonesia, but not the Double Tenth, the traditional holiday marking the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty and the original establishment of a Chinese republic. This has been the traditional Chinese patriotic day. Strict police measures were brought to bear in Indonesia to suppress any such manifestation.

Pro-Nationalist Chinese newspapers in Jakarta, Surabaya, Semarang, and Medan merely printed the flag of the Chinese republic of Sun Yat-sen on their first pages that day. If freedom of expression had any meaning, this was the least that could be permitted to Chinese who wanted their true sentiments known. But no, the Indonesian police swooped down in each of these cities, and confiscated the entire edition.

That Red China, over its radio and in literature with which it was flooding Indonesia, was simultaneously categorizing the Jakarta government as reactionary and fascist and "an enemy of the people," broadly inviting the Indonesian people to rise up and overthrow it, and force Indonesia to join the satellite bloc, was apparently immaterial, compared with the fact of Red recognition. This was the usual way that recognition of Peiping blurred the basic sense of security of such governments in Asia.

THERE HAS BEEN no single political issue on which the Soviet Russians have been more persistent and uncompromising over so long a period than this one of Peiping's role in the U.N. This was the issue on which Moscow walked out of the U.N., boycotting all its sessions for months, until only brought back by spectacular examples of how well the world organization was working without it, culminating in the swift

dispatch of an international army to Korea to repel the invasion.

This recognition issue was one that Moscow and its stooges brought up at every Council or Assembly session, and in every possible U.N. Committee meeting, each time endlessly going round and round into every conceivable propaganda by-path. Observers in America and Europe thought the Comintern was merely using the U.N. as a convenient propaganda forum, getting the most out of it while the opportunity lasted. This, indeed, might have been the tactic used on the West, but it was no propaganda show for Asia.

The West should know by bitter experience that when the Communists keep hammering on any one point, it isn't for a mere propaganda reason, and it isn't because they have lost their perspective in a fit of pique, but because they know it is something vital to their power drive. So it has been with this recognition issue.

Malaya is a blood-stained example. I sat in a field tent in upper Malaya while a British officer was discussing a leaflet drop over Chinese villages in the north. Two million leaflets had been dropped, a major and costly propaganda operation.

The leaflets told the Chinese people that they need no longer be afraid of the guerrillas, that they did not have to supply them with information and food in fear of being

killed, that they were being given unflinching support against the "bandit terror." There would be no compromise, these Chinese villagers were told.

But the British officer and his Chinese interpreters looked dismayed. They were reading that day's Chinese-language newspaper. This was the newspaper that went into every village; it was anti-Communist. There was at least one person who could read in every village, and he would tell the others what the paper said. That day the main story was a statement by the British Foreign Minister in London. Naturally, this had to be given a big play. The statement was a denial that there was any change in London's policy toward Peiping, and went on to say that people should be realistic, for the Communist government was in control of the entire mainland, with no likelihood of being dislodged.

The only inference the Chinese villagers could get out of this was that Britain was telling them to pay no attention to what they were being told on the spot, but to play cricket with the Reds. The only way the villagers could interpret the article was that England was saying the same thing as Peiping. And Peiping was warning them to collaborate while they still had the chance. "This pulls the carpet out from under our feet on that leaflet drop," an interpreter remarked. "The Communists are only saying

what London is saying, that they're here to stay."

Obviously the Briggs plan for the pacification of Singapore and Malaya, ambitious as it was, couldn't succeed under such a handicap created by London, and sure enough, its failure was admitted when Churchill resumed power.

**D**URING MY TRAVELS in Singapore and Malaya, I was constantly taken aside by Chinese and Eurasians, when they learned I was an American. They would all ask me the same questions, no matter whether they were students, merchants, educators, workers, or government employees. Here was how it was usually phrased:

"The British are asking us to help resist the Communists. Then why do they recognize Peiping? After all, we have to stay here. We can't quit overnight the way the British did the last time."

If this sounded harsh, it was a matter of life and death that these people were discussing, and they couldn't mince words over it. In probably all cases, these people were in effect pro-British. They did not want the British to quit. All they wanted was to feel certain that London was not playing both sides, and would not leave them holding the bag.

This sort of policy might be diplomacy in the Western capitals, but on the scene of the shooting, it be-

came a form of psychological warfare in support of the enemy.

The Chinese had learned through the experience of a thousand years to read between the lines, to look behind a paragraph to see what influence was concealed there. If recognition of Communist China was based on being practical, how much truer did this hold for Asia itself than for America and Europe! The ordinary Chinese of any class living outside the mainland, would figure that the only sensible thing was to do likewise. He would make sure that his name was on no Communist blacklists; that his name was on the lists of those who contributed to the "liberation war defense funds" and paid their underground taxes. Better still, if he had a relative who could join the Communist underground, this would help establish the fact that he rendered physical as well as material help. This is the secret of how the Communists have been able to continue exacting contributions of money and supplies in Malaya. The Chinese don't want to be caught holding the bag, and double-talk won't convince them to do so.

This was no theory to these millions of Chinese and other non-British inhabitants of the Communist-menaced areas. This was a personal problem, that could not be talked away. You either did or you didn't. So you did. Even if you were anti-Communist, if you had a fam-

ily, or a business to safeguard, you did at least as much as the British government — you dealt with the Chinese Communists.

After Churchill took power, he sent Oliver Lyttelton, his new Colonial Secretary, to survey the situation on the spot. Leading Chinese organizations pleaded that recognition of Communist China be withdrawn, as the necessary corollary to obtaining the loyalty of the Chinese in Malaya. Although Lyttelton made historic concessions, silence on this fundamental point echoed loudly in Chinese ears. Red propaganda merely kept playing up the theme that the Communists would come "into your area, and then, if you have not helped us, you were better dead, you and all your relatives."

ON THE SPOT, in Asia, recognition by the U.N., or the United States, of Communist China would mean only one thing to these millions and millions of overseas Chinese and other Asians outside China. This was the same thing it would mean to the 450,000,000 inhabitants of China's mainland, and the millions in Formosa. This would be that the Western world, the proud and powerful Western Powers, had capitulated and agreed that Communism was the permanent form government in Asia would take. The Chinese have been used to seeing through artifices and verbiage for

generations. No matter how the diplomats phrased it, no matter how loftily they explained and interpreted, this is how it would look to the Chinese.

They know that Communism cannot remain static; it will conquer all of Asia, or be destroyed. Recognition by so august a body as the world organization would be admission that the first alternative was Asia's future. Maybe it would not be intended this way, but this is what it would mean to the Asian.

The Chinese, through their experience with proclamations and diplomacy, would read more than this in recognition. They know that the Communist expansion program is just as well understood in foreign capitals as in Asia. They would be unable to conceive of the Western diplomats taking so drastic a step without realizing its consequences.

Their interpretation is not far-fetched. Recognition might be pooh-poohed as a formality in America and Europe, but in Asia recognition was the starting point for every sort of pro-Communist bias and pressure. High government officials might flatter themselves that they could see through the Red maneuvers and that their recognition would be only a technicality, a paper recognition. But their subordinates have only the deed to go on, and the deed is recognition.

On the spot in Asia, too, where the local official has the job of ful-

filling his government's policy, what takes place is usually much more than might have been intended. These officials, the British and the Dutch and the Indians, Indonesians and Burmese, have found themselves in the difficult position of having to prove that they were right in recognizing Red China. This has led many of them to try to prove that Communism will never be overthrown, and that, anyway, it is basically different in Asia than in Soviet Russia. The subterfuges and maneuvers which this requires are fantastic in their desperate support of Peiping and their frantic opposition to Formosa, or any place else that threatens this pro-Peiping point of view.

AS SHOULD HAVE BEEN EXPECTED, the fullest advantage has been taken of this state of affairs by Communists and fellow-travelers. They have deliberately used recognition as a shield for subversive activities, both in facilitating whatever line Peiping wanted pressed, and putting obstacles in the way of those who did not want to submit.

Even non-Communist officials, and the great majority are definitely so, were put in the highly unpleasant position of having to prove their government was right, even if this meant supporting the Reds. These people on the spot often lost sight of the end in the morass of means, and became so



entangled in argument that they soon were doing everything in their power to support the Peiping regime, to prevent its overthrow. They would not be doing their duty by London if Peiping were proven not to be in secure control of the Chinese mainland. So, it had to be made secure, or if not secure, this had to be concealed from those who might have taken advantage of it.

Meanwhile the casualty lists rise, if not in Korea, in Malaya, if not in Malaya, in the Philippines, or Indo-China, or where you will. The Peiping government is not choosy.

This is why, in Hong Kong, the official radio operates only a few hours a day, and is not given sufficient power even to reach all of the crown colony, for fear some of the non-Communist — heaven forbid anti-Communist — broadcasts might be heard in Red China. This was why the USIS news programs were dropped, and the program in Cantonese put out by the USIS replaced with a British program in Mandarin, which is not understood by the people of Canton. This is why the Chinese-language bookshops in Hong Kong are crammed with viciously anti-American and anti-British literature, while refusing to handle anything not approved by the Communist authorities in Red China.

This was why an increased registration fee was proclaimed for all

publications in Hong Kong, with the result that only anti-Communist publications have been driven out of existence. The ostensible reason was the opposite, of course. The first newspaper to go out of existence, unable to raise the more than tripled fee, was the first daily to come out against Communism in Hong Kong after the fall of the mainland. This was a liberal, non-Kuomintang newspaper, at that. Another to go under was a weekly in the English language. Under such restrictions it first became a bi-weekly, then a monthly, and finally died.

The make-believe extended all along the line. Authorities in Malaya abstained from identifying the Chinese Communist guerrillas as either Communist or Chinese. They were referred to in a way that could not hurt anybody's feelings, except perhaps those of the guerrillas. They were called just bandits. To refer to them as Communists, particularly as Chinese Communists, would have been awkward for the London government, which was defending its judgment in recognizing Red China in the first place. The only rub to this was that the Chinese saw through it.

They were not fooled the least bit. Each time they read a communiqué mentioning just "bandits," it reminded them that the British government was so buffaloeed by Peiping that it did not dare to identify the

people who were ambushing and killing Englishmen.

In order to maintain the fiction that these insurgents were just "a local problem," and so as not to offend this "friendly neighbor," Red China, the British had to extend their make-believe even farther. They had to close their eyes to the persistent and calculated assistance that came from across the border to the insurgents in Malaya. When I was there, the guerrillas were comfortably located across the border in rubber estates in Thailand, where they rested up and trained between assignments.

This situation, in which the little white lie of recognition of Red China as a formality seems so innocent at first, builds up in this manner, until the jungle of evasions and distortions becomes impenetrable. Then, instead of facing the hard facts, a new plan is dramatically announced "to deal with the situation," new faces are brought in to give an appearance of a new approach, and the same circle is gone round once again.

**T**HIS HAS BEEN Burma's plight. Ever since V-J Day and the subsequent granting of sovereignty by the British, that country has been plagued by Communist and semi-Communist insurrections, which have effectively prevented it from making even a start toward national rehabilitation and stability.

Yet, under the soothing influence of India, the Rangoon government did everything in its power to make believe that its Peiping neighbor was not interfering in Burmese affairs. Even while Peiping was distributing maps showing part of Burma as belonging to Communist China, this pretense was maintained, because to do anything else would be to jeopardize recognition.

Yet the example of India should have been sufficient warning. Under the guidance of Nehru, India insisted that good relations with Red China had to be assumed, and when the Tibetan problem arose, made the most in U.N. debates of how smoothly this question was being arranged, without any unpleasant language. To have said otherwise would have made a farce of recognition, and this could not be allowed. The Indian policy, which Nehru insisted should be the model for the U.N. in Korea, was perfect except for one drawback. When the verbal smoke cleared, Tibet was completely in Chinese Communist hands. This is the sort of negotiation and compromise which recognition of Red China imposes every time.

Burma, in order to defend its policy of recognition, has had to reserve its harsh words for the Nationalist Chinese in the north, who were fighting the same people as were determined to overthrow the Burmese government, in the same

way as they were sabotaging Indonesia.

THE ORIGINAL ARGUMENT used to defend recognition by such Western Powers as granted it was that this permitted diplomats in China to see what was going on within the country. They explained that their embassies and consulates constituted listening posts in an otherwise forbidden land. They could report on what was taking place in that enormous country, and at the same time keep the hand of friendship extended in readiness for the day when Mao would turn back on Stalin and clasp it. Only it never worked out this way, for the foreign representatives were not allowed to go anywhere except under escort, and anyone they talked to was put under investigation. This impossible state of affairs was admitted when the British government recently shut its Consulate General in Canton. Completely contradicting their previous premise, without so much as batting an eye, the dignified Whitehall spokesmen said there was no longer anything a Consulate General could do

in that enormous region of China. As the British press in Hong Kong said, a British diplomat "never had a more thankless or futile post."

British representation, however, was not a futile matter to Peiping. Never before had any nation been given such an opportunity to demonstrate to its people how it could twist the tail of the British lion with impunity, and keep on doing so, month in and month out. Never in diplomatic history has there been such an example of humiliation as was provided by London's retention of its Embassy in a nation that conspicuously ignored its existence. The propaganda value of this to the Peiping regime is incalculable. Peiping is thus able to demonstrate to its people how powerful they have become under Communism, so that even the proud British bow and scrape, saying please, allow me to recognize you.

That such tactics are tantamount to committing slow suicide is something these officials seem to leave for tomorrow — or perhaps other people — to handle. Today they are concerned primarily with how to save their government's face.

David J. Dallin



# OPERATION 'KIDNAP'

## Berlin's Soviet Underworld

AT 2 P.M. on September 1, 1950, a young man of about twenty-two, pale, and showing signs of recent illness, approached a policeman in the British sector of Berlin and asked to be directed to the *Funkhaus*.

"The radio station," said the blue-uniformed policeman, "is only a few blocks away, on Masurenallee, in the large red-brick building."

The young man entered the massive structure that had for twelve years been the center of Nazi broadcasting. The visitor—let us call him Knabe—obviously a stranger in Berlin, wondered why in the lobby of a Western radio station a Soviet soldier, tommy gun on shoulder,

was standing guard. Herr Hartman, the *Empfangschef*, or official receptionist, quickly reassured him: "Berlin is a city occupied by four powers, and the guards in this building change each day. Today is the Soviet day."

Young Knabe, satisfied with this explanation, was ushered into the office of Herr Gladewitz, the Program Director. To him, in full detail, Knabe told his story.

He had been arrested by the Soviet army in 1945 along with thousands of other Germans and imprisoned in the concentration camp at Bautzen, in the Soviet zone. In February, 1946, Knabe was hailed before a Soviet military court, tried, and—surprisingly—acquitted. Despite the verdict, however, he was returned to the concentration camp and later transferred to Aue, the notorious uranium mining camp

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*David Dallin, a frequent contributor to THE MERCURY, is one of the foremost authorities on Soviet Russia in this country. He spent last summer in Western Germany and Berlin investigating Red tactics.*

in Saxony, where he was assigned to hard labor. When he fell ill, he was sent to a hospital. But after his recovery he was too weak to work, and the Soviet authorities — at long last — released him.

Everyone in the Soviet zone, even prison inmates, listened to or knew about RIAS (*Radio im Amerikanischen Sektor*), the free radio station in West Berlin. The first thing Knabe wanted to do after his release was to get in touch with this station and report to it on the living and working conditions in the Soviet camps. A number of his fellow inmates had asked him to speak in their name, too.

Knabe, however, was not aware, as he told his story to Gladewitz, that he had walked straight into the lion's den. For — absurd as this may sound — the Soviet *Radio Berlin* is situated right in the heart of the British sector, guarded by British authorities and the West Berlin police. This anachronism is one of the few things left over from the days of "friendship and alliance," when British and American authorities saw no objection to a Soviet radio station broadcasting from their sectors. Having reached Berlin first — thanks to an Anglo-Soviet agreement — the Soviet Army had in May, 1945, taken over Hitler's well-equipped radio station. When the Allies were finally allowed to enter Berlin three months later, they quietly accepted the status quo

and set about constructing a new station of their own. All subsequent attempts to evict the Communists from their propaganda sanctuary were in vain.

**B**EFORE KNABE ENTERED his office, Communist Program Director Gladewitz, alerted by telephone, had taken down the portrait of Stalin from the wall. When Knabe entered, Gladewitz gave him a chair with his back to another wall covered with Communist posters.

Gladewitz, pretending to be anti-Communist, listened sympathetically to the detailed account of the working conditions of the prisoners at Bautzen and Aue, the cruelty of the camp administration, and the high mortality rate. He wrote down the names of Knabe's friends and promised to take care of them. Then he invited his guest to accompany him to another building. A waiting car sped Gladewitz and Knabe to Otto Blei, the MVD chief of the Eastern Zone. Here the young German was arrested a second time.

In the meantime, Gladewitz's secretary (let us call him Schneider), who had witnessed the whole episode, went to the Western police and reported the kidnapping. His efforts to conceal this courageous act from his superiors failed. When he returned to his office, he was "invited" to take a vacation at a well-known resort in the Soviet zone. But Schneider understood immediately

what was in store for him. He politely declined, left the Soviet station, and never returned.

Schneider's report saved Knabe. His story was widely publicized and after a few months in prison, Knabe was released. As a result of the incident, four German employees of the Soviet radio station were arrested in West Berlin and indicted for "temporary deprivation of liberty." (In the German penal code, as in the penal codes of most other European countries, there is no recognition of the specific crime of "kidnapping.") Arraigned before a court in West Berlin, the four defendants, naturally, denied any guilt; they produced obviously fake witnesses and resorted constantly to legal technicalities. The trial reached its climax when young Knabe, the chief witness for the prosecution, took the stand. His quietly given testimony stunned the courtroom. There could be no doubt that an outrageous crime had been committed and that the defendants were guilty. But then something occurred that was typical of the conduct of the "democratic West" in Germany and that renders it contemptible in the eyes of the population. The defendants and their lawyers submitted written and oral testimony, obviously false, to prove that Knabe had freely, and alone, left the building of the Soviet radio station. And in spite of all the evidence — the kidnappers were acquitted.

The case of Alfred Weiland, who was kidnapped in November, 1950, also attracted wide attention. Almost three decades ago Weiland had joined a semi-Socialist, semi-Communist political group. His political ideas were not always clear, but he was unquestionably an honest, independent man, devoted to his ideals. After Hitler had come to power he was, as a "leftist," arrested and sent to a concentration camp, where he spent two and a half years. Following his internment he served in the German *Wehrmacht*. Along with thousands of others, Germans and non-Germans, he believed that after the war a victorious Stalinism would evolve into a new, humane, non-aggressive and non-terroristic brand of Communism. In this belief Weiland, in 1945, accepted a job in the Soviet-controlled educational apparatus of Eastern Germany. But after a certain time he was disillusioned, and quit.

In the eyes of his former employers he now was a "deserter," and all the hatred of Stalinists against "traitors" was turned against him. On a cold morning in November, 1950, Weiland was on his way to a post office when passers-by saw a dark limousine stop at the curb. No shot was heard, but Weiland fell to the pavement. He was dragged into the car, and it raced away. A short while later, other passers-by at the Brandenburger Tor, where the Soviet sector of Berlin begins, saw the

car, with a broken, blood-streaked window, traveling east at high speed. Apparently Weiland had regained consciousness and put up a fight. He fought in vain, however. Since that day his wife and three small children have never heard from him.

Another "deviationist" was Kurt Müller, Communist member of the West German Parliament. When he went "sour," he was politely invited to come to the Soviet zone on some pretext, and did. In the technical sense Müller was not kidnapped. But his empty seat in the Bundestag daily reminds his Communist colleagues that they had better remain loyal to Moscow.

**L**AST SUMMER in the former German capital I went to see Herr Johannes Stumm, head of the West Berlin police, an intelligent and efficient administrator. When I brought up the subject of the kidnappings in his city, he was embarrassed. Herr Stumm, as if he were responsible for this mischief in "his" city, was reluctant to talk.

"Well, there have been some cases, but not recently. . . . Why don't you discuss it with my criminal division?"

I went to the criminal division, which referred me to one official after another, until I came to the missing persons bureau. There a picture was unfolded to me of a large Soviet operation systematically carried out and employing every mod-

ern device. With German thoroughness, the West Berlin police classifies disappearances into three groups:

- (1) Persons forcibly abducted from the Western sector and brought to the Eastern sector.
- (2) Persons lured into the Eastern sector and arrested there.
- (3) Residents of the Western sector who disappear while visiting in the Eastern sector.

The total number of kidnappings reported to the police within a period of twenty-nine months (August, 1948, through December, 1950) was ninety-seven. The Berlin police, however, stress the fact that not all disappearances are reported — the actual number may be two or three times as large. If a man invited by his friends to visit them in the Eastern sector disappears, it is very likely that the West Berlin police will never hear of this. Often the family of a kidnapped person believes that it will only make matters worse for the victim if they complain to the Western authorities. Also, there are many unattached men and women in Germany, more today than ever before. Who is to report the disappearance of such a person?

The actual number of kidnappings that have occurred during these two years and five months will never be known until the archives of the Soviet secret police in Potsdam and Karlshorst are opened.

"Operation Kidnap" is aimed at

Eastern deserters — East German officials, members of the Communist-directed *Volkspolizei*, and “bourgeois” businessmen who have fled to the West; Western journalists covering the Communist sphere; scientists and technicians with special qualifications; and people — often innocent — who are regarded as “Allied spies,” a term that refers to anybody who has had the slightest contact with the Western authorities, and even to people who happen to speak the English language.

**O**FTEN, however, kidnapping is resorted to simply to further local political objectives. On March 22, 1947, for instance, when the Communist subjugation of Berlin University, located in the Soviet sector, was under way, six students who opposed the Communist maneuver were abducted. One of them was dragged out of a coffee house near the University in broad daylight and pushed into an automobile. Two others were lured into an Eastern theater, where East German police and Russian civilians seized them. In another instance, on October 19, 1947, one of the anti-Communist leaders of the young Liberal Democrats in Dresden, who had come to Berlin on a visit, disappeared after he had left his party headquarters in the Soviet sector. To have laid hands on him in Dresden, where he was well known, would have created too much of a stir.

The most notorious kidnapping was of the West Berlin journalist, Dieter Friede, on November 1, 1947. Friede, at one time editor-in-chief of the British-sponsored newspaper *Der Berliner*, received a phone call that Sunday morning from the Soviet sector telling him that a good friend of his had been in an automobile accident and wished to see him. In spite of the warnings of his associates, Friede rushed down to the Soviet sector address that had been given him, and never returned. For more than a week all attempts to ascertain his whereabouts were in vain. The Soviet authorities disclaimed any knowledge of the case. Then, all of a sudden, the Communist press charged that the Friede case was part of a propaganda plot by the West against its Russian ally. Friede, whom the Communists called “an obscure scribbler,” had been abducted by the British, the Communists claimed, and sent to Western Germany on a British train. Controversy raged for many months. Finally, out of the blue, the Soviet *Tägliche Rundschau*, official organ of the Soviet occupation, which until then had denied any knowledge of Friede’s whereabouts, published a written confession over Friede’s signature stating that he had been an Allied spy, and that he was glad to atone for his crime by spending ten years at hard labor, as decreed by a Soviet court! After this propagandistic somersault, nothing more



was heard until one day a man who had been in the same Soviet concentration camp with Friede was released and announced that Friede was dead. Of the other five German newspapermen arrested between 1945 and 1950, only two eventually returned.

Before releasing a kidnapped person, the Eastern authorities usually propose that he or she return to the West as an undercover agent. It is hard to say how many people agree to this and how many dare to refuse. There is no doubt, however, that kidnapping is also a means of recruiting secret agents for the Soviet network of espionage.

**I**NVOLVED IN THESE KIDNAPPINGS are a number of Soviet agencies. First among these, naturally, is the Soviet MVD (formerly NKVD), or secret police, whose "Special Operative Group" is headed by Major Michael Tsivilev. The NKVD has specialized in abduction for the past ten or fifteen years, in Soviet Russia as well as in other countries. For kidnapping has always played a greater role in Soviet secret police work than is usually supposed.

When the Soviet secret service goes after an enemy in another country, it has a choice of two methods — assassination or kidnapping. More often than not the enemy is either a Russian "counter-revolutionary" deemed dangerous, or a Communist secret agent who

has deserted or is on the verge of deserting. In such cases the MVD is reluctant to kill him on foreign soil; spiriting him off to the Soviet Union is preferred.

The reasons are obvious: the assassins, if apprehended, may talk in an attempt to save their lives. Also, "liquidation" of a man abroad might cause an international scandal. And what seems to be even more important to Moscow, a "traitor" must be interrogated and all possible information extracted from him before he is turned over to the executioners. Only in cases where abduction was impossible have "traitors" been killed abroad. This was the fate of Leon Trotsky, whom it was practically impossible to kidnap because of the cordon of friends and guards surrounding him in Mexico. Ignace Reiss, chief of Soviet Military Intelligence in Europe, broke with Stalin in 1937; he, too, was killed abroad, in Lausanne in September 1937.

On the other hand, there have been many cases of disappearance with no indication of murder. The usual supposition was that the NKVD had committed a "perfect crime." Actually, these were kidnappings. When the White Russian general, Eugen Miller, was betrayed to the NKVD in Paris by a supposed friend and collaborator, he was at first assumed to have been killed. But he had been brought to Le Havre and transported on a Soviet

vessel to Leningrad. The case of Juliet Poyntz, the American agent of the "Fourth Bureau" (Soviet Military Intelligence), suspected of "Trotskyism," belongs in the same category of kidnappings; also Mark Rein and André Nin, non-Stalinist figures in the Spanish Civil War; and a host of others. The late Jan Valtin, formerly a leader of Communist seamen, describes in his *Out of the Night* how Communist seamen helped the MVD in its kidnapping operations.

Once in the USSR, the victims are given the regular Soviet going-over: interrogation to the point of exhaustion, trial, and then either "liquidation" at once or by slow stages in one of the "corrective labor" camps.

At the end of the war, various formations of the Soviet secret police followed the Russian army into Eastern and Central Europe. Some of these were the "Special Sections" (in military uniform), civilian agencies, and the "Armed Forces of Special Assignment." Regardless of whether the occupied country was an "ally," like Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia, or an enemy like Hungary, Rumania, or Eastern Germany, the procedure was the same. Many thousands were arrested and shipped to the Soviet Union (among them a considerable number of non-Communist political leaders and Russian emigrés); others, especially in Eastern Germany, were

thrown into former Nazi concentration camps. These, however, were not really kidnappings, since in an occupied country arbitrary arrest and deportation are a routine procedure. Often people were indiscriminately picked up on the street, herded into a truck and carried away to an unknown fate.

IN BERLIN and Western Germany, however, the MVD and its East German counterpart, the *Staats-Sicherheits Dienst* (SSD), organized under the supervision of Soviet officers, was forced to operate clandestinely. But the growing alertness of anti-Communist West Berliners and the Western Allies have put something of a crimp in the operation of the Soviet kidnapping gangs. More than one kidnapper has been caught by the Western police, tried, and convicted; the resulting scandals and front-page stories have dealt a definite blow to Communist propaganda. To avoid compromising their own people, the Communist agencies began to hire others to do their dirty work — husky butchers, common thugs, and young adventurers. These were promised up to 50,000 East marks (approximately \$2,500.00) for a "good" kidnapping job. But when caught, these gentlemen, before they went to prison, often revealed all the infamous details of their "assignment." In one case, when the kidnappers found their assigned victim too hard to

reach, they delivered another person with the same name to their Soviet employers.

WE ARE OFTEN TOLD that the Communists are masters of propaganda. Yet the publicizing of one case of kidnapping cancels out in one day the assets of an entire year of Soviet "peace" propaganda. On August 7, 1948, under the slogan "Silence Is Suicide," a group of Berlin intellectuals, students, and politicians staged their first public demonstration in an auditorium in West Berlin against Soviet kidnappings and Soviet concentration camps. The impact of this meeting was tremendous — the man-hunters were forced to lie low for a while. In subsequent years other protests were made. But the kidnappings resumed, and are still going on today.

The Western world does little to oppose this terroristic Eastern onslaught against the very basis of free society and human rights. Germans in Berlin blame the occupation powers for their failure sternly to repress this form of aggression. But

nobody has yet come up with a solution.

Severer penalties, it has often been suggested, even the death penalty, should be prescribed in the German penal code for the crime of kidnapping. It appears doubtful, however, that the most stringent laws will have a deterrent effect. A great power like the Soviet Union backs its kidnappers all the way.

Some Germans are demanding that for every person kidnapped by the MVD or SSD, a Communist hostage be taken. But such a procedure, of course, is contrary to democratic principles and to our ideas of law and order. Yet is it possible, the Germans wonder, to fight state-supported terrorism with democratic weapons?

Meanwhile hundreds of men and women — political leaders, journalists, anti-Communists and harassed refugees — live on the edge of a crevasse which they fear may split wide any night and plunge them and their families into a void into which hundreds like them have already disappeared.

# In Our Readers' Opinion

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» I have just finished reading Miss Marcelle Michelin's highly imaginative piece about my country, Venezuela (February, 1952), and I want to assure you that everything is not black magic, fear and ignorance under our tropical skies. . . . We might be all suckers when it comes to befriending all sorts of characters who get there, but that is about the only hex we suffer from.

GLORIA DE STOLK  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

» For the second time under its present editorship, I have hopefully bought a copy of your magazine, which once deserved well of the republic. That you still carry the name of Henry L. Mencken on your masthead only underscores the contrast between its glorious early days and the degradation of intelligence it now represents.

HELEN BUGBEE  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

» Your magazine won't last, it is too lowbrow for the highbrows and too highbrow for the lowbrows. I find it stuffy and dull.

No publication can attain a high standard and meet a monthly deadline — there is not that much worthwhile stuff available. Even Mencken could not do it.

CHARLES AVERILL  
CORONA DEL MAR, CALIFORNIA

» I have one serious objection about THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Once a month is not enough. It should be a weekly.

Your recent articles about General Eisenhower are superb and your "But Who Does Ike Like?" is tops.

ORSON KILBORN  
ESSAYS, INC.  
SOUTHPORT, CONNECTICUT

» Frankly, I didn't like your letter to "Ike." Didn't like the idea of your writing it, and didn't like what you said in it. I hope the General doesn't read it at all, but if he does, I hope he will understand that it was merely the expressions of a neo-successful magazine editor whose pomposity has been increasing in direct ratio to his circulation, public appearances. I ask you, Mr. Huie, to let Ike alone. We *need* him as President of these United States. It is my feeling that destiny made our appointment with this man a long time ago, and I just don't think you ought to go monkeying around with destiny.

R. B. FRANKLIN

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

» You are the only editor in the United States who has had the courage to present an honest picture of General Ike Eisenhower.

CHARLES TRENT

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

» All of us know that politics is a nasty business and it is a foregone conclusion that political favors must be returned — no party has a corner on this market. . . . I would like to tell you that I hear Eisenhower is considering MacArthur to replace Harry Vaughn if and when.

DON LASSEN

HARVEY, ILLINOIS

» In the March issue of *THE MERCURY*, Mr. Buckley has an interesting article in which he names the recent revisionist historians on page 36 about the middle of the first column. He mentions one, "Frederick Osborn," but I know of no such recent historian.

I rather suspect that he intends to refer to me, as I am the author of *Design For War*. If my conjecture is correct, I wonder if you will be willing to publish a correction in some later issue, as I should hate to have a mythological or ghostly historian haunting our group.

FREDERIC R. SANBORN

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

*THE MERCURY regrets its unconscionable, though assonant, typographical error; unfortunately, we hold out little hope that the future will honor any revisionist as other than a "mythological or ghostly historian."* —ED.

» “The Colossal Flunk” by William Buckley should be “must” reading for every college professor worth his keep. Will you have reprints of this? The article if widely disseminated will benefit American thinking and education more than the founding of six new universities.

CYRIL CLEMENS, EDITOR  
MARK TWAIN QUARTERLY  
WEBSTER GROVES, MISSOURI

*Reprints are unfortunately not available. Single issues, however, can be had for the regular price of 25¢ apiece. — ED.*

» In “The Colossal Flunk” you help expose the Roosevelt myth. One thing bothers me: to die when my time comes not knowing what the verdict of history will be. Will his idolators succeed in obfuscating the facts so that the man who put the country on the skids and greased them will be called great?

D. O. PAUL  
GILL, MASSACHUSETTS

» I have read and re-read “A Dollar Tip” in your March issue. I’m sorry to say I don’t get it. Driscoll had been amusing himself by varying the barber’s tip — perhaps a little juvenile but still his privilege. Tony — accustomed to routine — was bothered by it and did not understand it. So far O.K. The barber had lost his little girl. He tells Driscoll who expresses sympathy — certainly genuine — and nowadays . . . appreciation, sympathy, congratulations are all expressed in cash. Don’t tell me that Tony was such a super sensitive soul that he realized this particular transaction (the tip) as a figurative payment in compensation for the loss of his daughter. . . . Now if the barber represents labor and Driscoll capitalism and the dollar the soulless capitalistic compensation for irreparable loss, you’ve got something for the *Daily Worker*, but both Driscoll and Tony are too true to life for that. . . . Perhaps it just means barbers shouldn’t marry but devote themselves to their profession — or that tipping is a bad thing — or that you can’t please anybody nowadays no matter what you do.

JOHN M. FRIER  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

P.S. Maybe it’s just anti-barbarian. (I apologize.)

## WHEN IS MURDER

## *Madness?*

BARBARA FRANK

EARLY ONE EVENING in the fall of 1948 a murder was committed in the town of South Haven, Connecticut. It was the kind of murder that is, unfortunately, almost an everyday occurrence.

A young man with a thoughtful and rather beautiful face got off a bus in South Haven. A woman who was sitting in the bus — she told her story later to a newspaper reporter — saw that he was swinging a cane. She saw, too, the clear outline of a gun showing through the trench coat the young man had on. She told

the reporter that she had suppressed a desire to scream.

She remembered later that in addition to the cane and gun, he carried a pair of gloves. She recalled that he walked with a slight stoop and that he looked intellectual and aristocratic. She thought, she said, that he looked as if he might be British.

He was not British. He was of American-Jewish parentage. His father's name was Albert Steinberg. However, the young man spoke with a marked English accent and his legal name was Frederic Bowes-Adams.

After he got off the bus in South Haven, a suburb of New Haven, Bowes-Adams walked leisurely up a street lined with large trees and

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*Barbara Frank, who is currently completing a first novel, collaborated with Dr. Louis Cohen on his forthcoming book, Patterns of Murder (World Publishing Co.), on which this article was based.*

handsome homes. He stopped at one of these homes and rang the doorbell.

Dr. Sam Field, a young psychiatrist, had an appointment with one of his colleagues. When he heard the bell he said to his wife: "That must be Bill."

Mrs. Field was sitting in the living room, reading a book. She looked up as her husband left the room. She heard the outside door open and her husband say some words of greeting.

She heard a shot, and then another.

As she rushed to the door, she saw her husband crumpling to the floor. She saw the boy with the beautiful, intellectual face, the young man in the trench coat.

Mrs. Field bent down over her husband, paying no attention to the young man. Frederic Bowes-Adams clubbed her over the head with his cane.

Dr. Field tried to get to his feet. Bowes-Adams fired directly at him again. Then, calmly, he walked out the open door.

Mrs. Field collapsed. She was badly hurt.

Dr. Field was dead.

The Field children ran downstairs to see what was happening. They saw, and ran screaming into the street.

Soon the police arrived.

While Mrs. Field was being rushed to the hospital, sirens wailing, while pictures were being taken of the murder scene, Frederic Bowes-

Adams made his way to a diner in South Haven. After he had carefully laid his gloves and cane on the seat next to him, he ordered a cup of coffee.

The owner of the diner noticed the young man with the trench coat and cane. Later, when he learned about the murder on the radio, he called the police.

"He acted crazy. He was sweating like he'd run a long way. He looked wild. After he left my place I saw him get on a bus."

An alarm was sent out.

A few hours after Dr. Field died, the police saw Frederic Bowes-Adams get off a bus in Springfield, Massachusetts, sixty miles from New Haven. They arrested him. He had the murder gun. He also had a hand-drawn map of the house where Dr. Field lived.

In a startlingly British accent, Bowes-Adams identified himself and gave his address in Connecticut. He appeared to be perfectly calm. He readily agreed to go to the Field home in order to be questioned. But he admitted nothing, except that he had recently traveled from New Haven to Springfield.

When he was being questioned by the South Haven police, Bowes-Adams managed to recall that he had once received psychiatric treatment from Dr. Field. But he refused to say when he had last seen the psychiatrist.

The police took him to Mrs.



Field's bedside. She immediately identified him as the man who had murdered her husband. He was taken to the New Haven County Jail. On the ride over in the police car Bowes-Adams maintained his haughty, aristocratic demeanor.

FREDERICK BOWES-ADAMS was graduated from Yale University, *cum laude*, in 1943. He had majored in philosophy. Later he entered the Yale Divinity School, but transferred to the Harvard Divinity School, where he got his degree in 1945. The faculties of both universities agreed that he had been an excellent student.

It was in 1945, when young Bowes-Adams was twenty-two, that it began. He was sitting in the library at Harvard, engrossed in some obscure book. He was happy when he was reading; when he sat in the library of some great university, he could forget that his father's name was Steinberg. At such times he could believe that he really was Bowes-Adams, the aristocrat.

He sat in the library; he thought he had lost himself.

Then he heard it, heard it for the first time.

He heard a loud voice and it said: "Fred Steinberg, you're a rotten phony!"

He fled the library, packed his bags, and left Cambridge.

He didn't realize that he had experienced his first hallucination. The

voice was entirely real to him. He knew only that his life had been one long succession of defeats and humiliations, from childhood on. He was obsessed, he was driven, by his sense of defeat.

He had been a lonesome boy, never playing with other children, living in virtual isolation. He had made up for his loneliness, or had tried to, by being a good student, a brilliant one.

He changed his name while a student at Yale. He had been day-dreaming about a Rhodes scholarship — which he never got — and became intrigued by the history of David Bowes-Lyon, a member of the British royal family. The ancestral home of the Bowes-Lyon family was Glamis Castle, the scene of *Macbeth*, one of the youth's favorite plays.

And so Frederic Steinberg changed his name to Frederic Bowes-Adams. First he used it as a pseudonym for the erudite articles he published in college journals. Later, he had the name legalized.

He thought he had escaped the symbol of his defeat, of his obscurity, by the change in name and by the reputation he was making for himself in a scholar's world. Then these defenses, too, crumbled.

After he had received his degree in theology, he thought he was slated for a fashionable pulpit in a Unitarian church in Boston. He knew his record was brilliant. He

expected to erase the memory of his parentage forever.

But he was rejected. The church committee considered Bowes-Adams too young, and also too nervous.

It was shortly after this that he heard the voice that told him he was a phony.

He went home to his sympathetic mother, who urged him to seek psychiatric help.

He had had such help before, when he was going through a less serious emotional crisis while a student at Yale. The psychiatrist to whom he went then was Dr. Sam Field. But the treatment was interrupted when Dr. Field was called to serve in the armed forces.

It was in 1945, after his first hallucination, that Bowes-Adams was admitted to the psychiatric clinic of the New Haven Hospital. But he failed to respond to treatment; the voices kept sounding in his ears. He was diagnosed as a schizophrenic-paranoid: he was insane, with delusions of persecution. Finally he was committed to a state hospital, where he received treatment and worked in the hospital library for two years.

It was at this hospital that a then new kind of brain surgery, the prefrontal lobotomy, was performed on Bowes-Adams. Apparently recovered, he was released from the hospital. (Only a few weeks after leaving the institution he bought the gun with which he killed Dr. Field.)

In the fall of 1948 he decided to go back to his studies. This time he wanted to enter Columbia University. He talked the matter over with his mother, and she gave him money for tuition and expenses. He went to New York where, instead of registering at Columbia, he decided to take a course in stenography.

The state hospital authorities, after the murder, said that during his stay there he had never once mentioned Dr. Field's name. It was as if he had forgotten the young psychiatrist.

But he had forgotten almost none of the many doctors by whom he had been interviewed or treated. When he was arrested, it was found that, along with the map of Dr. Field's home, he carried a list of most of these psychiatrists.

Perhaps Bowes-Adams knew, at one time, that these doctors were trying to help him, trying to bring him back to the real world, trying to help him to live in that world. But when he walked up the street in South Haven, when he rang the bell of Dr. Field's house, he was sure that all these men were together in a plot to destroy him, to keep him from his destiny. He had convinced himself that they were the final tools of his defeat.

CONNECTICUT LAW provides that there shall be a court hearing to determine whether a defendant whose sanity is in question is capable

of standing trial for the crime of which he is accused. There shall be an investigation, the law says, by "three reputable physicians appointed by the court."

The judge of the Superior Court of New Haven ordered such a hearing with regard to Bowes-Adams. He appointed three physicians from the staffs of Connecticut state hospitals. The lawyer retained for Bowes-Adams' defense called in a fourth psychiatrist as a rebuttal witness, should such a witness prove necessary.

The fourth psychiatrist was Dr. Louis H. Cohen. Dr. Cohen had years of clinical experience in mental hospitals, taught university courses in legal psychiatry, and is now in private practice in Connecticut. This practice is often interrupted by lawyers who ask him to testify in court; his knowledge of legal psychiatry is not limited to the academic aspects of the subject.

Dr. Cohen interviewed Bowes-Adams at length, as did the other psychiatrists. The question to be answered by these men was not the question that would be put at a trial: Was the accused insane at the time of the crime? What the court wanted to know was: Is the accused *now* insane — is he able to stand trial?

This question is based on the common-law rule that a person cannot be tried for a crime while he is so mentally disordered as to be incap-

ble of making a rational defense, or sentenced or executed while he is incapable of stating any reason why judgment should not be pronounced upon him.

The four physicians were asked direct questions about their medical diagnoses and gave direct answers. They testified that Bowes-Adams was schizophrenic with marked delusions of persecution. Dr. Cohen noted, in addition, the degree of his deterioration.

"This boy," he said on the witness stand, "who was a brilliant student at college, couldn't get through high school today. He is tormented, day and night, by the voices he hears, voices accusing him and damning him to eternal Hell."

The four psychiatrists agreed in their testimony, and the court committed Frederic Bowes-Adams to a state hospital "until such time as he becomes capable" — the wording of the statute.

FREDERIC BOWES-ADAMS never confessed to the murder of Dr. Field. In fact, he said to Dr. Cohen, he couldn't have killed him, since such an act "would be sinful for a man of God."

Perhaps some day Frederic Bowes-Adams will come to trial. If he does, however, it is not his guilt which will be in question. There was a witness to the murder: Mrs. Field. There is the evidence: the gun. The question to be decided in the court-

room will be: Was the accused sane or insane at the time of the crime?

At the pre-trial hearing the court and psychiatrists work together to determine the mental condition of the accused. Each recognizes and considers his responsibility to the community: if an insane person were brought to trial and if he were acquitted, a dangerous person would again be at large. So the court is willing, at the pre-trial hearing, to give serious consideration to the psychiatrist's professional judgment.

However, once the accused has recovered to the point where he is capable of standing trial (and, presumably, is no longer dangerous to the community), the attitude of the court changes markedly from what it was at the pre-trial hearing. Now, suddenly, a new point of view is taken.

The court is concerned, at a trial, with the criminal responsibility of the accused. A person who is insane, or psychotic, is considered sick and not sinful; it is a centuries-old tradition that he be shielded from punishment. And so the person proved to have been insane at the time of a murder is legally judged as lacking in responsibility for his crime, and not subject to imprisonment or execution.

But the court, at a trial, has its own way of defining insanity, the so-called *McNaughton Rule*. This rule, which stems from a court decision written in 1843 — long before

the birth of psychiatry as such — sets up certain standards for judging legal responsibility: If the accused lacks appreciation of what he has done, if he lacks knowledge of the consequences of his act, if he cannot distinguish between right and wrong, then he is insane. There are other legal tests for insanity, but it is this one, sometimes called the "right and wrong test," which obtains in most of our courts today.

These standards, which represent medical opinion as it prevailed in 1843, are at variance with modern psychiatric thought. For the *McNaughton Rule* is based on the notion that the mind is divided into compartments, some of which can be diseased while others remain sound. But psychiatrists today are agreed that the mind is a whole, a unity; that a person cannot be only partly psychotic. Psychiatrists say that it is possible for a person to recognize the difference between right and wrong and still be mentally ill.

It is this differing definition of what constitutes insanity which is the crux of the disagreement between law and psychiatry in the courtroom.

**T**O ILLUSTRATE THIS CONFLICT, let us see what would happen if Frederic Bowes-Adams were brought to trial for the murder of Dr. Field.

First, the prosecution will establish the guilt of the defendant. Mrs.

Field will testify as to the murder. The gun will be placed in evidence. An expert will testify that it was the gun with which Dr. Field was shot and killed. Then other witnesses will be called. There will be the owner of the diner where Bowes-Adams had his cup of coffee; he will say that the defendant was there at such-and-such a time. The bus driver will say that Bowes-Adams boarded his bus at New Haven and got off at Springfield. And so forth.

The defense will have only one witness, for there is only one possible defense: insanity. And so Bowes-Adams' lawyer will call a psychiatrist to the witness stand.

After being sworn, he will give a résumé of his clinical experience. Then, you might think, he will be asked to give his professional opinion as to the mental condition of the defendant at the time of the murder, based on the examination he had made shortly thereafter.

But that is not what will happen at all. Or, if it does, it will very likely be the first time in the history of legal psychiatry. Because the court sets no legal store by the psychiatrist's clinical opinion of the accused's mental condition. For the law, it is only a question of whether the defendant knew the difference between right and wrong.

The psychiatrist will not be directly asked in court, as he was at the pre-trial hearing: "Is this defendant psychotic and, if you think

so, on what do you base your opinion?" Instead, the defense lawyer, according to the rules of evidence governing this sort of testimony, will have to ask the physician a hypothetical question. This question is framed so as to elicit, not the psychiatrist's opinion about the possible psychosis of the defendant, but an answer according to the standards for judging insanity set up by the McNaughton Rule. The question will go something like this:

"From your examination, including what it has disclosed of the history of the defendant, and from the testimony heard at the trial here today, and assuming that the defendant shot Dr. Field as testified, and assuming that the defendant then had a cup of coffee near the Field home, and that he then boarded a bus going from New Haven to Springfield — now I say, Doctor, taking the testimony as you have heard it, and assuming the statements I have made as testimony in this case, have you an opinion as to whether the defendant, at the time he shot Dr. Field, was in command of all his mental faculties and was of sound or unsound mind?"

In other words, the lawyer will ask the psychiatrist his opinion about the defendant's state of mind as illustrated by his actions after the crime, and in terms of the legal definition of insanity.

"I have an opinion," the witness will say.

"In your opinion," the defense lawyer will then continue, "did the defendant possess sufficient mental capacity at that time to know the nature and quality of his acts and to distinguish between right and wrong?"

The psychiatrist, despite his opinion that the "right and wrong and test" is irrelevant to the question of psychosis as he knows it, will have to answer as if it made sense. Thus, he will say that he does not believe that the defendant could distinguish between right and wrong, or knew the nature and quality of his acts, at the time of the murder. The psychiatrist will say that Bowes-Adams was schizophrenic-paranoid, a psychotic with delusions of persecution, and that he killed Dr. Field in the delusion that the doctor was persecuting him — even though the defendant had not seen Dr. Field in many years.

And the defense will rest.

THE PROSECUTOR WILL first seek to undermine the credibility of the witness as an expert. This is a routine matter, and is not taken very seriously either by lawyer or witness. The prosecutor will then pass on to the more important business of heckling the witness with medically irrelevant questions as to whether Bowes-Adams knew the difference between right and wrong, and whether he knew the consequences of his acts. And, our court

system being what it is today, the prosecutor will not be acting dishonorably, for it is the function of the courtroom lawyer, not to find out the facts, but to win his case.

Despite this, the psychiatrist may nevertheless manage to slip in at least part of his medical opinion, explaining how it may seem to contradict the legal definition of insanity and still constitute a sound medical opinion.

But the chances are that the prosecution will waste little time on the psychiatrist's testimony, since it is confident it has a strong case despite all the expert medical testimony to the contrary — and since the judge, in his charge to the jury, will tell them that the opinion of the expert is advisory only and may be entirely disregarded.

The prosecutor will point out, in his summation, that Frederic Bowes-Adams did in fact know the difference between right and wrong — for didn't he tell Dr. Cohen, just after the murder, that to kill Dr. Field would be, for a man of God, a sinful act? He will make much of the question of whether Bowes-Adams knew the consequences of his act: wasn't the defendant on a bus to Springfield just after committing the murder, and isn't that a clear indication that he was attempting to evade the consequences of his act?

If the jury is convinced by the prosecution, they will bring in a

verdict of guilty as charged. And, legally speaking, they will have come to a valid conclusion: Bowes-Adams, according to the strictly legal definition — the “right and wrong test” — was not insane at the time he murdered Dr. Field.

Obviously, we are faced with a serious disagreement between law and psychiatry over the issue of insanity as it arises in the courtroom.

THERE HAS BEEN a great deal of discussion, in recent years, of the difference between insanity and psychosis. It has been said that insanity is a legal and psychosis a medical term, and that the words have different meanings. This is certainly true; there is no such word as insanity in the orthodox psychiatric vocabulary. It is also true that court and psychiatrist approach the problem of mental disease differently. But in the final analysis they both hold to the same belief — if a defendant is insane, he should not be punished. Thus, the attitude of the courtroom psychiatrist is that when the court asks the question, “Is the defendant insane?” it is the same as if it were asking, “Is he psychotic?” It is this fundamental agreement between law and psychiatry that is important to remember here; their disagreement arises out of their different approach to the same concept.

We have seen how the courts define insanity. Now let's see what

insanity — or psychosis — means to the psychiatrist.

A person who is psychotic is out of touch with reality, he lives in a world that is not the same as ours. The difference between a person who is psychotic and one who is not is, according to Dr. Cohen, a qualitative rather than a quantitative one. Those of us who are subject to anxieties and fears which do not arise directly out of our objective situations are, perhaps, deviants from the “norm.” But this is a difference of degree only. Such people are still dealing with reality, although they may be distorting it. But the psychotic has lost touch with the external world, he has completely departed from reality; his actions arise from conditions which have no basis in existence and so his world is qualitatively different.

It is clear that, psychiatrically, Frederic Bowes-Adams was insane. He had completely lost touch with the external world; he lived only among delusions and hallucinations. He heard voices that had no existence in reality; he was motivated by the delusion that Dr. Field was persecuting him. And so he could express the idea that murder was a sinful act (i.e., he knew the difference between right and wrong); but these words are not an indication, psychiatrically, of his sanity. The fact remains that he was deluded. And so he could take a bus to Springfield (i.e., attempt to evade the con-



sequences of his act); but since he was hallucinated and deluded, this act, too, to the psychiatrist, was psychotically engendered.

The psychiatric concept of psychosis seems a common-sense one to the layman. To the layman, Bowes-Adams was insane, even though he might be judged sane according to existing legal standards. It seems obvious, therefore, that the legal standards for judging insanity are at fault. And the case of Frederic Bowes-Adams is not unique.

**W**HAT SHOULD BE DONE? This is a hard question to answer. But there is one first step, so Dr. Cohen believes, that law and psychiatry can immediately take to improve their cooperation.

Law and psychiatry are not likely to fall out at a pre-trial hearing, when the "right and wrong test" is not used. Equally important is the fact that the experts, at such a hearing, are court appointed and not under the necessity of making a case for or against. The pre-trial hearing—at which court and psychiatrist are using the same approach, the antiquated McNaughton Rule being discarded, and medical testimony is allowed to be presented as impartially and objectively as possible—shows the way to a reasonable solution of the problem.

Needless to say, the psychiatrist is not always correct, but he is apt to know more about insanity,

which falls within his professional competence, than is the lawyer. The accuracy of his diagnosis in the realm of mental disease will be greater than that of the jurist, who, in the courtroom, cuts through the complexities of a medical case and simply states: "He was not insane, he knew the difference between right and wrong." Not that the court should listen humbly to the psychiatrist and then defer entirely to his judgment. No expert is always right; moreover, psychiatry is a relatively new science and will never be an exact one. But law and psychiatry should certainly work as partners, rather than against each other.

The beginning of this partnership can be found in Massachusetts, where the Briggs Law provides that, in the case of any person indicted for a capital offense, the Department of Mental Diseases is required to examine into the mental condition of the accused. The report of this Department is available to the court, to the prosecution, and to the defense. While this report is not admissible as evidence, its availability does much to minimize trial by combat. The employment of this law is, clearly, a step in the right direction; it moves away from the McNaughton Rule and toward the use of the expert as an advisor to the court, rather than as a witness for or against. It is to be hoped that the other states will follow this enlightened example.





*Tired of being in the thin of things,*

Leo went . . .

## Looking for Minnie

Bernard Wolfe

OUTSIDE THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, big as life and twice as surly, stand two stone lions, dappled with tourists' initials, pigeon-pelted, surveying the nine-to-five safaris which zag up and down Fifth Avenue, their astonished tails looped in a perennial question mark. Over their brachycephalic John L. Lewis heads there could, without stretching the point too much, be strung a banner reading, "Through these portals pass the most dedicated people in the world."

They *are* dedicated, these thumb-ers of thesauri and browsers in microfilm — out to shiv some internal dragons, to document reveries and footnote dreams. Ransacking the world of knowledge the way a saint hijacks ecstasy.

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*Bernard Wolfe, who has traveled extensively between Broadway and Greenwich Village, is an expert on Manhattan and a frequent MERCURY contributor.*

Among these addicts of the printed word, Gutenberg's stepchildren, is a wiry, waspish wisp of a man, fiftyish, razzledazzle eyes, air of much-stir-in-the-offing about him. Dressed invariably in a green velour porkpie hat, waist-hugging hound's-tooth jacket, trowel-pointed brown suede shoes. Walking on steel-coil toes with a Fred Astaire bounce, forever ready to mug tomorrow — walking as though benediction, some unexampled hot pastрами sandwich, were just around the corner. Name of Leo Carney.

Every afternoon about three-thirty Leo Carney ramps his way past the marble lions, heads like a wallaby for the reference room. There is a good reason for his breathlessness, his leaning into the future. He is, as his friend Don Kiefer says, looking for proof that he is alive, even if it takes \$10,000,000,000. And, as Don Kiefer says, it probably will take \$10,000,000,000.

Carney's pogo-stick gait gives away his background: he was for years a vaudevillian, specializing in eccentric and acrobatic dance bits — the light fantastic sprinkled with pratfalls and nip-ups. (For several seasons he was top banana in a burlesque act known as "Rough, Tumble, and Eddie," the members of which spent most of their time whacking each other over the head with rubber salamis; they were sometimes billed as "The Rajahs of Roughhouse.") Carney's ties, usually dove-gray silk with words embroidered in diagonal lines of maroon across them, give away his occupation. He is a creator, manufacturer and distributor of novelty neckwear — "Ties That Talk," "The Tie That Binds — and Gags," "The Cravat That Went to College," he has called his product at various times.

The inscriptions on some of these ties contain a dubious message. EVERY SILVER LINING MUST HAVE A CLOUD, for example. BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. (These ambiguous slogans were proposed by Don Kiefer, who ghostwrites a Broadway gossip column; Leo puts them on his ties to please his friend, but they sell quite badly.) Other texts, proposed by Gil Lazarro, the one-legged veteran of Anzio who runs Leo's Broadway office, suggest that EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY I AM GETTING OLDER AND OLDER and

LOVE IS A CONTINUATION OF POLITICS BY OTHER MEANS. (These don't sell at all.) Leo, however, never himself wears ties with cynical or enigmatic observations. His own tastes run to sayings with an inspirational quality, homilies, precepts, guides to conduct. These he thinks up himself, and he finds they sell like Lindy's blintzes, Broadway's hotcakes. The ones he is especially fond of contain such admonitions as TAKE THE BAD WITH THE GOOD, GET IN THERE AND FIGHT, WE'RE ALL IN THIS THING TOGETHER, and WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR BUT FEAR ITSELF. (The last-mentioned tie is Leo's Number One seller.) But the one dearest to his heart came from Howard Blakely, a drunken newspaperman, in a feverishly disconnected speech he delivered one night in Chandler's on the rules of journalism: WHO? WHAT? WHY? WHEN? WHERE? SO? Leo has the impression that these are the most significant six words he has heard in his life, he doesn't know why.

Every afternoon, about three, Leo comes to life in his modest room at the Astor, glances out at the clock on the Paramount Building, dresses, calls Gil Lazarro to make sure that everything is under control at the office, goes down to Liggett's for coffee, then hurries over to the Public Library. In the reference room he plunges into his stacks of research materials: telephone directories from all over the world; high school and

college textbooks from many parts of the country; ancient souvenir programs of American Legion post dances and Elks' banquets; the yellowing files of neighborhood newspapers; obituary columns and letters to the editor and sidewalk interviews in back issues of the metropolitan dailies.

What is Leo Carney digging for? At the moment, he is looking for a woman named Minnie Kropotkin. For her name, a clue to her whereabouts. To prove to himself — according to Don Kiefer — that he is not dead.

What he is really after, he thinks, is \$10,000,000,000. To begin with, since you've got to start somewhere, \$27,000 — which is not \$10,000,000,000 to be sure, but one step toward it, one foot in the door, so to speak. But to get at the \$27,000, he must find Minnie Kropotkin. It's harder than turning up a needle in a haystack. Through whose eye a rich man must be shoved.

**B**ROADWAY IS DRENCHED with sunlight today: across from the Astor the waterfall on the Bond Clothes sign gleams like a trout stream, the neon drapes on the five-story-high Adam and Eve flash like diplomats' sashes. This afternoon, after his eye-opening cup of coffee, Leo decides to take a stroll through Central Park before going to the Library.

At the Zoo, just behind the polar-

bear cages, he stops and studies a tree: if not for this tree, for Marie Antoinette hanging from this tree, he would never have heard about Minnie Kropotkin. The way things tie together. Tag-ends falling together in a neat circle. Important to break into that circle — Leo doesn't like the locked-out feeling.

Since he's begun to think about missing persons he has developed a great sense of the interconnections among people, the astonishing hyphens that link sahib and stumblebum, the Colonel's Lady and Mrs. O'Grady. In a way that he can't quite put into words he has a very strong feeling that, no jive, we all *are* in this thing together, hyphens everywhere, all the world's a Roxy lodge. Only where is the seat reserved for Leo Carney?

Jogging through the reference room at the Library, Leo recognizes a man at one of the tables — lean, intense, blue serge suit, pencil moustache. Theodore Roth, professional tracer of missing persons. Leo knows all about this man — matter of fact, it was because of a magazine article about him that Leo got into this line of work. Leo glances surreptitiously over Roth's shoulder as he goes by: the investigator seems to be studying piles of old sheet music from some way-back production called "The Black Crook."

Leo sits at his own table and observes Roth out of the corner of his eye. Moody now, jumpy. Sheet

music! Who would have thought of looking for clues in copies of old sheet music? There are angles to this business, gimmicks, gizmos. But how can you turn up a missing person on a sheet of music? Unless — maybe Roth is looking for marginal scribbles, inscriptions, autographs.

Leo feels very humble now — there's so much to learn. Humble, and left out. Confidence badly shaken: all he's dug up to study today are some high school textbooks from Far Rockaway, vintage pre-1900. "Get in there and fight," he mumbles to himself, but it doesn't help.

Mind wandering, Leo thinks back over Theodore Roth's story. How he started out during the depression as a traveling salesman. Soon discovered a staggering fact: that there is close to \$10,000,000,000 lying around idle because the people who might claim it don't, can't even be located. All kinds of moneys: pension awards, army and navy benefits, Indian tribe funds, Liberty bonds, court and trust funds, valuable securities, matured insurance, escheated estates, condemnation awards, estates of intestates, dividends of bankrupt creditors, balances of trading accounts, dividends from liquidated banks, partnership or common law trust funds, public utilities deposits, estates of absentees. Roth hit on the idea of tracking down such funds and their rightful claimants and getting the two together — for a fee

ranging from 33⅓ to 50 per cent of the total amount. After a stint with the army's Criminal Investigation Division, earned himself a certificate in "Investigation, Detection and Criminology" at the Bolan Academy and set himself up in an office on West 42nd Street. Been so successful that in the year 1951 alone he was able to put about 135,000 dead dollars back into circulation. Now setting up an index of unclaimed funds, so he can run a query service for people who think they've lost some money somewhere. . . .

A REAL PRO, Leo thinks. Right in there. Fellow who knows what he's up to, who gets in there and fights. Leo knows there's a lot more involved in this missing heirs business than the investigator's fee. All that money lying around idle — it's a challenge. Leo can't stand the idea of idleness, in people or in money. He likes action, a sense of something-up. For years now he's been laying off, at liberty, between engagements. The idea of engagement is very attractive to him, he wants to set things in motion. Maybe that's what Don Kiefer has in mind when he kicks Leo's hobby around during their sessions at Chandler's.

"Listen," Kiefer said one night, "Veblen and Tawney didn't understand about Leo Barney. I understand about Leo Barney. Pecuniary instinct? Veblen was just singing. Acquisitive society? Tawney never

cased Leo hunched over his 2,000 telephone directories. Leo thumbs his County Cork tilt-nose at money. Leo's a magic gesture boy. For kicks. He wants to wake up. He wants to know what it's like to walk into a parlor and say to a perfect stranger, 'Here's a hundred thousand dollars.' Wants to see the stranger's eyes pin-wheel when he pulls rainbows from his top hat and the Holy Grail from his sleeve. That, Leo thinks, will bring him back into the thick of things. Leo's tired of living in the thin of things. Between billings. He wants some good red meat to sink his emotional teeth into. He's still a ham actor at heart — looking for some back-alley Palace or Minsky's where he can go into his act and watch the eyes light up. It can't work, but Leo doesn't know that. He's still after the audience. But there comes a time when there's no audience left but your own pre-frontal lobes. They never applaud your pratfalls, just hiss and boo. Leo's still got the illusion that there's an audience waiting for him, ten billion dollars' worth of audience. He's fed up with doing his pratfalls in front of the mirror. He wants to get in there and fight — get himself seen, he means, stop being invisible. He's acquisitive about backpats, pecuniary about tingles. Looking for missing persons? There's only one missing person Leo's looking for — himself. He's missing, like all of us. Want to send us a letter? Address it

care of the Missing Persons Bureau. Old Leo won't recognize that we're all in this coffin together, he's dead but he won't lie down with his pals. And Veblen thinks the man's interested in the green stuff. Tawney says he wants a bank account. Economists don't understand about ambulatory corpses. Leo Carney — the case of the reluctant corpse. . . ."

Loony talk, Leo thought at the time. Kiefer is a gab artist. Leo knows why he's all wrapped up in this missing heirs deal — it's just that he likes things neat and efficient, like Theodore Roth's blue serge suit. Ten billion lying around is sloppy, very sloppy. That's no way to run a railroad. . . .

But the railroad isn't getting run today. It can now be considered established: Minnie Kropotkin was nowhere near any high school in Far Rockaway between the years 1890 and 1899, inclusive.

A crazy thought occurs to Leo as he sits and looks broodingly across the room at concentrated, blue-suited Theodore Roth. Maybe Theodore Roth is looking for Minnie Kropotkin too? What year was that musical "The Black Crook" on Broadway? Maybe, for instance, Minnie Kropotkin was in the chorus of "The Black Crook"? Might be worth looking into. Considering that when you look long enough everything begins to tie in with everything else, hyphens jump up all over the place. . . .

On his way out Leo stops in the theater division and consults Sigmund Spaeth's *A History of Popular Music in America*. A sudden hollow feeling in his stomach: 1866 was the year "The Black Crook" hit Broadway. Minnie Kropotkin couldn't even have been born in 1866. . . .

WHEN VAUDEVILLE DIED, so did Leo Carney, almost. He had broken into show business at an age when other kids are learning about 1066 and Q.E.D.'s — as one of the gang in Gus Edwards' "School Days" troupe, sitting next to some other incipient song-and-dance men, Walter Winchell and George Jessel among them. Then came some fat years in vaudeville and burlesque — songs and snappy patter — for every lurch a howl, for every dive on his butt a yok. In demand, applauded, acclaimed. But when the talkies came in, the five-a-day folded, then the bump-and-grind circuit. Hard times came for Leo: he did publicity for a couple of Broadway shows, put in a stint as instructor in a Times Square tango academy, worked in the box office of a legit theater until he got bounced for taking more than his share of ice, did some ticket-scalping, was even reduced to night-clerking in a 45th Street fleabag, finally took to peddling neckties around the joints. The scrounging went on for years, but it wasn't the miss-meal side of it that bothered Leo. The worst thing

was the terrible silence out there on the other side of the footlights. The human race was suddenly sitting on its hands. The world was an empty house. He was playing to the charwomen. He got the uncomfortable feeling that he was taking his pratfalls in a command performance for Leo Carney, nobody but Leo Carney. Head buzzing with Bronx cheers that originated from behind the eyeballs.

Eventually things began to straighten out a little. As soon as he got into the novelty-manufacturing game, he began eating better. For a while he was really raking it in because he agreed to make book in the back room of his office for the Harry Gross syndicate. But the tie business itself was rolling: when the cops nabbed Gross last year and busted up his empire and all the bookies in town made a dive for the nearest manhole, Leo closed down the horse room and found he was still a whole lot better than solvent. His needs are few; he lives like a monk in the Astor, doesn't fool with women, never touches a drop. His chief need is to feel that somebody is looking at him.

Indirectly, it was Harry Gross's fault that Leo got on the trail of Minnie Kropotkin. One of Leo's duties for the syndicate was to pay off the cops in his territory, and as a result he got to know the pick-up man, Officer O'Banion, very well. O'Banion had been stationed for a

couple of years in the Bureau of Missing Persons, and Leo used to question him for hours about citizens who drop out of sight, go underground, turn invisible. The conversations continued after the syndicate folded and there were no more pay-offs; the two men simply liked and respected each other. When Leo read about Theodore Roth and wondered if he mightn't get into this missing heirs thing himself, O'Banion said sure, go ahead, he would give Leo a straight steer whenever he could — even if there wasn't a cut in it for him. Leo told him of course there would be a cut.

One night a month or so back, about three in the morning, O'Banion and his partner were cruising around Columbus Circle in their squad car. A flash came from headquarters: they were to proceed to Central Park, woman's body hanging from a tree just behind the Zoo. The body was there — dressed like Marie Antoinette, with a powdered wig. But when they cut the body down, the wig fell off and what came into sight was a young man's head, crew cut, Harvard looking, twenty-six, twenty-seven.

There was a handbag on the ground; in it was a letter addressed to "Guy Masterson Bromley" which made everything clear. The letter was posted from Grand Rapids and read as follows:

Dear Mister Guy Masterson Brom-

ley, Hope I spelled that Guy Masterson Bromley right, I would not like to make a mistake with such a nice fancy name like that. Man who starts out with a lowclass name like Morris Kropotkin he has got to do a lot of looking to get hold of a nice fancy name like Guy Masterson Bromley. What are you writing letters to me for, you bum. Just because I am a uncle of yours is that any reason. And that cock and bulls story about a Mariners Bowery Bank and the 27,000 your father saved there and your mother is now the sole heir only they cannot find her that is some laugh. Where would your old man of got his hands on that kind of money I ask you for 37 years Sam run a candy store on Mulberry st and he never even had three cents for a stale knish. Now all of a sudden you love your poor mother and you want to look her up. You tramp, even if I knew where she was, if she is not dead entirely, why should I tell you. You made her enough trouble already. You leave your poor mother alone you hear. Even if she is alive she does not want any more trouble from a no good like you. Me neither. Kindly stop writing to your dear loving uncle because any more letters from you go right in the garbage can. Which is where you would go too if I could get my hands on you if I wanted to dirty my hands.

*Emmanuel Sperber.*

O'Banion's theory was this. Sam Kropotkin, the storekeeper, must have made a pile in some racket, maybe bootlegging, and salted it away in the bank without telling his

family. A lot of bootleggers' and racketeers' money got lost that way, in secret bank accounts. The drip in drag had been hoping to get his hands on this inheritance by finding his mother and got despondent when his uncle didn't come through. . . .

It was a false hypothesis. When O'Banion and his partner went down to check at Bromley-Kropotkin's Village apartment, just below Washington Square, they found a pile of packed suitcases in the hall and a young man with a tony Boston accent in bed. The young man, the suicide's roommate, cleared everything up when he told his story.

Bromley, who had been working part time in a television studio as a prop man and studying costume designing, had been located by the Mariners Bowery Bank some weeks ago and informed about this bank account. He looked everywhere for his mother, whom he hadn't seen in years, finally wrote to his uncle in Grand Rapids. He had come from work the previous afternoon very depressed, the uncle's letter had just arrived. When he got home he found his roommate packing.

Where was the roommate going, he wanted to know. Des Moines, the roommate answered. Why?

"Guy," the roommate said, "I've been thinking things over. Living in the Village — well, it gave me a kick for a while. But now I've decided to marry a girl I know named Annie, who lives out in Des Moines. After

we're married her father is going to find a place for me in his business. Wholesale feed."

Wholesale feed. That was the last straw for Bromley-Kropotkin. He must have begun to brood about things after his roommate turned in; and somewhere along about two in the morning he got himself up in the Marie Antoinette costume he'd just finished making in designing school, threw a coat over his shoulders, sneaked up to the park and hung himself in full view of the polar bears. Nobody could figure out why he picked the polar bears. . . .

Listening to this complicated story, Officer O'Banion suddenly thought of his friend Leo Carney. The letter was a good lead for a student of missing persons like Leo Carney. O'Banion made his partner promise to keep mum about the letter and, instead of turning it over to the morgue, slipped it to Leo. From that day on, Leo Carney has been looking for Minnie Kropotkin.

CLOSE TO TEN. Bell rings, signal for closing time. Theodore Roth has long since returned his pile of sheet music and left, businesslike, contained, no fears to fear. Leo Carney sighs, packs up his souvenirs of Oddfellows' minstrel shows and deposits them at the desk. Still walking with an upbeat, ready to catapult into the just-ahead, fueled with high-octane anticipation — but afraid that another pratfall may be



coming, before a cold house. Politics is a continuation of love by other means—he wonders if it would make more sense that way. “Who? What? Why? When? Where? So?” he repeats to himself, dreamily. Which tie will he wear tomorrow?

THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL? He thinks it would be interesting to know how that roommate of Bromley’s likes being in the wholesale feed business out in Des Moines. Does he feel he’s part of things? Keeping himself busy?

Too early for Chandler’s, the gang won’t be there yet. Leo stops for a ham-and-cheese at the sandwich bar at Diamond Jim’s, then ambles along Forty-Second Street and drops in at the Laff Movie. The flicks depress him this evening: old Keatons and Laurel-and-Hardys and W. C. Fieldses, comics wearing the baggy pants that were once Leo’s working clothes and taking the falls that were once Leo’s stock-in-trade and everybody busting out with the kyawkyaws and Leo sitting there glum and feeling out of it all, invisible. He leaves before the bill is half through, strolls up Broadway.

A little further up, he drops in at the Silver Dollar Tavern and orders a coke at the bar. He looks around at the crowd, place is jumping tonight. Leo recites some statistics to himself, figures he read in a *Herald-Tribune* editorial as he was turning to the obits—he has an orderly

mind, he files away information of interest.

“Seven hundred thousand chronic alcoholics in State of New York. Figures out to one in twenty-one for total population. Subtract estimated 105,000 intractables, who are mostly out of ordinary circulation. Still have 595,000 problem drinkers. Seven out of eight men—each one off his job twenty-two days in the year because of drinking. Industrial production suffers by \$300 million a year. . . .”

Terrible, Leo thinks. All in this thing together—up to their cirrhosis livers. Up to their neon noses. Swilling the stuff that way. What are they looking for, some way of getting in the act? Behave like a bunch of missing persons. Town’s loaded with missing persons, as Don Kiefer would say. That Don. Wants a tie designed that will say HOME IS WHERE YOU HANG YOURSELF. Who would buy a tie like that?

Depressed, Leo goes out and heads east, over to 46th on the other side of Lex. As he enters Chandler’s he sees Don Kiefer and Howard Blakely sitting at a table.

CLIMB ANY GOOD FAMILY TREES lately?” Blakely asks.

“I’ve got a great idea for a tie,” Kiefer says. “YOU’VE GOT TO TAKE THE GOOD WITH THE BAD. All the masochists in town will buy it, you’ll sell millions.”

“Got a better one,” Blakely says.

"Been working on it all week. THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE STOMACH PUMP."

"Sit down and talk to us persons," Kiefer says. "Let's pretend we're not missing."

Leo is not in the mood for smooching, but he sits down anyhow. Over in the corner Barry Gray is sitting at the microphone as usual, running his all-night show. Right now he's interviewing this young comic named Jack Gilford — Gilford's been playing the drunken jailer in the Metropolitan Opera's streamlined production of *Der Fledermaus*. He's telling about how in this show he falls down the stairs several times and brings the house down each time. Leo snorts. What do these kids nowadays know about falling down a flight of stairs? In the old days they really knew how to fall down a flight of stairs.

Just before two, out of nowhere, Connie Macri shows. Connie is a tax auditor for the Bureau of Internal Revenue, guy who hangs around Broadway and does a lot of favors for Broadway people. Connie could be a lot of help to Leo. The logical place to look for missing people, of course, is in different government files — unemployment insurance files, old-age pension files, and so on — but it is strictly forbidden by law for the public to consult such records. That is where a contact like Connie comes in very handy. Leo has explained about Minnie Kropot-

kin to him and for a down payment of \$25 Connie has searched all the tax records, with no luck. He has some friends in social security though, and Leo has promised him another \$25 if he gets them on the job. But Leo has lost all hope of Connie coming up with anything.

"Looking for you, Leo boy," Connie says. "Got something hot for you."

He hands Leo a slip of paper. On it is written Minnie Kropotkin's name. Her age, sixty-nine. An address in the Bronx.

"My boy in social security came through," Connie explains. "He contacted the Bronx office, that's where the old lady collects her pension. Look, kid, slip me the other \$25, will you? I'm in a hurry — got a blonde waiting for me over at the Embers."

Leo hands over the bills, his hands trembling. Connie waves and floats away. Avalanches of hyphens. . . . But why did Connie lam so fast, wasn't he acting sort of offbeat? Leo is suddenly in a sweat. The guy knows he's got some valuable information there, a toe hold on \$27,000, information like that can be peddled. Leo has a quick, painfully sharp image of a neat blue serge suit, one exactly like Theodore Roth's, heading up the steps of a Bronx tenement, intent, business-like. . . .

"See you," he mutters, rising.

"Air of great undertakings about

Leo," Blakely says. He's very drunk now. "Who you undertaking to-night, Leo?"

"Don't try dig missing persons," Kiefer says. He's pretty drunk too. "Plant them now don't dig them later. Let the dead exhume the dead."

THE CAB SHOOTS UP the East River Drive and over the Triborough Bridge, finally eases into a shadowy slum and pulls up in front of an old-law brick tenement. Leo tells the driver to wait and jogs up the steps, breathless, heart beating paradiddles. On the third floor he finds the door and knocks. Somebody's up, there's a strip of light showing under the door.

Sounds inside, groans, footsteps. A hoarse voice: "Sam? You, Sam?" The door opens, a tremendous hulk of a woman, hair like bleached seaweed, is standing there in faded cotton bathrobe and slippers, in her arthritic fingers some knitting. Seems to be knitting socks, blue baby socks.

"Mrs. Minnie Kropotkin?"

"Sam is late?" Vague, eyes full of elsewhere.

"Mrs. Kropotkin," Leo stammers, "this is a terrible time to call I know, but you see, the Mariners' Bowery Bank, when an account's not claimed. . . ." He pulls himself together and tries to tell her the story of the \$27,000, but in the middle of it he freezes — it hits him

that the police may not have located her, maybe she doesn't know about her son's suicide. He skips the part about the son, hurries on to explain about missing heirs. He only wants to see her eyes snap on like baby spots and hear her say, "Ah, yes. Mr. Leo Carney. You find missing heirs, you're here to give me \$27,000." He just wants her to see him, wants somebody to see him for once. "I don't know what's holding up Sam," the old lady says dully, eyes brimming with otherness and not-now. As he talks she backs into the room, sits down in a rocking chair and begins to knit.

"Not so much time now," she says, talking to one of the brass knobs on the bed. "Two, three months now. Early in December, the doctor says. I got the name picked out, Morris, my grandfather was named Morris. I talked it over with Sam and right away he said it was a fine name. If it's a boy. . . ."

Dry ice clogging Leo's veins. He begins to get the idea: she has cancelled out Guy Masterson Bromley in her mind, extinguished the boy with the lisp, she's going to go back and do it over. Have a real Morris this time, a Morris who will act like a Morris and not a Bromley. . . .

"Mrs. Kropotkin!" Leo says, panicky now. "Please! Look at me! Don't you understand, Sam left \$27,000! It's all yours, you don't have to worry any more. You and Morris. . . ."

He has to reach her somehow, never was there an audience so near and yet so far away, how do you play to a balcony on Mars? He pulls out the letter from the Mariners and presses it into her hand. She holds it three inches from her other-places eyes, trying to make out the words:

"Dear Mr. Carney, In answer to yours of the 21st inst., I am pleased to inform you that Mr. Samuel Kropotkin had on deposit in our bank the sum of \$27,103.21 at the time of his death in 1943. The sole heir to this account, whom we have never been able to locate. . . ."

Something happening in old Minnie Kropotkin's blue-dungaree eyes. They are just beginning to enter the room, they almost see Leo. "Heir?" she says. "Twenty-seven. Sam."

She begins to cry. "Ah, ah," she says — her head drops, her shoulders begin to shake. "This too," she says. She stands up.

"A nice thing, Mr. Carney," she says. "Very nice. You know how we lived for thirty-seven years like dogs there on Mulberry Street with the bathroom in the hall? Sam in the store seventeen hours a day and sometimes for five years I went without a new dress or a pair of shoes, sometimes we didn't have what to eat. But all right, no grudges, I loved him. So now you come in here at three o'clock in the morning, while I'm sitting here waiting for his footstep in the hall and knitting for Morris, you come

in here with some fancy letters?"

"Mrs. Kropotkin!" Leo pleads. Her eyes are on him now and he's trying not to see them. "Look, don't misunderstand. It's not the money, don't think that, please. People like me, they usually collect a fee but I don't want any fee, not a penny — take it, it's all yours! Only, please, don't cry. . . ."

She is close to him now, a head taller than he. She takes him by the shoulders and begins to push him toward the door.

"A perfect stranger!" she yells. "Comes into my house at three o'clock in the morning and tells me for thirty-seven years my husband lied to me and fooled me! With a piece of paper, and he wants thanks for it! This money? I wouldn't touch such dirty money!"

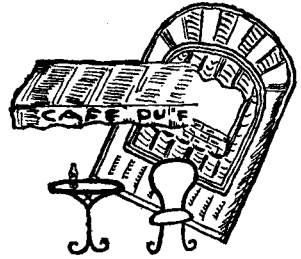
She gives him a powerful shove, he loses his balance and rolls down the stairs. His tie, the one announcing that WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR BUT FEAR ITSELF, flapping in his face — head over heels, taking the biggest pratfall of his life, everything fitting together in a tight circle and Leo Carney locked out of the circle.

"Please!" he shouts from the landing. "Impossible, Mrs. Kropotkin! You can't just leave money lying around, it's not right. . . ."

Leo Carney, missing person, hearing the hyphens snapping in his ears like firecrackers. WHO? WHAT? WHY? . . .

A literary letter from Paris

## Juke Boxes



## on the Left Bank

Evan Jones

IN A HOTEL just off the Champs-Élysées in Paris, a barman discussed the excellence of a novel by Irwin Shaw. With great enthusiasm he called it the best book he had read about World War II, and he swept aside as mediocre the war novels of French and other European writers. *The Young Lions* was for him the only piece of writing which made the years of fighting come alive. "Our authors," he said, "are either involved in strange psychoses, or they are imitators. Why is there no Frenchman to write

as Mr. Shaw did of Europe and its struggle?" His question hung in the air.

Several things are significant in this incident, not the least being the serious discussion of literature by a barman. The nation which in its centuries of history has produced so many great writers, so many pacemakers in the art of thinking, has arrived at a generation which is passive and defeatist. Many of its talented ones seem to focus their writing on bitterness, on personal revolt. Many of its best sellers are consciously or otherwise aping the so-called American school. The lists of translations into French are replete with everything from Nancy Bruff to Truman Capote. William Faulkner is in some ways almost as highly regarded as the late André

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*Evan Jones, who spent the last five years in Europe editing Weekend magazine, working on a novel, and producing a Paris guide book, has just returned from France, where he was partner in a literary agency. He is now a free-lance writer.*

Gide, and the detective story seems bound to be successful no matter who its author may be. The American influence cannot be dismissed.

Many things may be held accountable for this postwar trend in French culture, the simplest of which is the fact that the French are now more than ever a nation of "greeters." They have made a big business of welcoming strangers. English is the second language of France, and the youngster who once might have used his better-than-average intelligence to learn a trade now uses it to learn English and establish himself as a waiter, a barman, or a desk clerk in one of the thousands of hostleries which cater to the visitor from abroad. Tourism has become France's biggest industry, and as such it has influenced tremendously all phases of the national scene.

There is no doubt that every available space on eastbound ships and airplanes this summer has been reserved in advance by travel-thirsty Americans. At a conservative estimate, ninety per cent of them will spend time in France, crossing the palms of thousands of Frenchmen with silver. The tip — *pour le service* — is a shockingly substantial part of the national income, and the fact that so much of such earnings comes from visitors has a stultifying effect on the new generation. Small wonder that a bright young man whose leisure is

spent in search of good literature should be a menial, drawn to bartending by the knowledge that the gratuities derivative from such a position will keep his family in better circumstances than if he had become an architect.

TO SAY that all of France has succumbed to waiting on the rest of the world is an obvious oversimplification. But it is true that the number of shopkeepers catering to tourists increases each year, and that the once ancient and charming Left Bank is now lit with neon and is even peppered with juke boxes and milk bars as attractions for the American visitors.

The influence of such things on the youth of France is undeniable. Blue jeans and bobbysox are not uncommon in the student cafés near the Sorbonne. More than half of the films shown on the Left Bank come from Hollywood, and on the Champs-Élysées the percentage is much higher. The artful Mr. Belvedere as a baby-sitter, an occupation almost unknown to the home-bound French, was a big success, and the younger California heroes of the Farley Granger genre have followings among Paris school girls which compare with any in the United States. Hopalong Cassidy and other cowboy actors may not have quite the ecstatic admirers which they enjoy at home — simply because they have not yet appeared

in person — but their films are continual hits, and you can buy the Hoppy novels, along with Zane Grey and other westerns, in almost any subway book stall.

This tendency in literature has worried a number of French critics. Roger Giron in a discussion entitled “La Littérature, Est-Elle En Danger?” blames the trend on the publishers, accusing them of aiming at a callow manufacturing business in which quantity is more important than quality. This is a disease contracted from New York publishers who are less interested in manuscripts of lasting value than they are in quick successes — the religious themes, the politician’s credos, or the perennial historical novels. Perhaps the current trend began in France during the German occupation with the underground circulation of *Gone with the Wind*, a certainly better-than-average romance and one which was almost impossible for a Frenchman to buy until the liberation and the revival of French publishing.

Margaret Mitchell’s story of the American South became an immediate best seller then, and was quickly followed by *Forever Amber* and a landslide of American titles, good and bad. Discovering the popularity of such things, French writers turned in great numbers to aping the American style. A couple of years ago, the most talked-about novel was *Caroline Cherie*, a gaudy,

bosomy story only remotely related to French history. After it was filmed and serialized, the author quickly followed with *Le Fils de Caroline Cherie* — and more financial gain.

But the foreign coloring which shades French writing today is not all vicarious sex and flamboyant history. Young French writers are finding something more vital in the States. An example picked at random is in the first novel of Georges Arnaud, which owes its brutal style and story-telling technique to James M. Cain. (It was translated this year for American readers — a new twist in carrying coals to Newcastle.) It is the work of a talented writer aping a better one, and suffers because of this.

This mimicry has become so accepted that it even appears among prize novels. In 1949 Robert Merle won the much-coveted Prix Goncourt — awarded in other years to such men as Proust and Malraux — with *Week End à Zuydcoote*, a second-rate war story in the American manner. It is difficult to believe that this could have happened in another time. In the nineteenth century, to be a success a French writer had to be original, no matter whether he was a Zola or a Dumas.

“But,” writes Robert Gaillard, author of current French best sellers, “Dumas did not write with the same rhythm as we. Our century has a vice — that of speed. The

cinema has taught us to understand and see more rapidly." He goes on to say that the present almost extravagant use of argot has changed the whole pace of French writing, a tendency obviously stemming from the new American stylists.

Such young Frenchmen cannot escape the fact that since the war many books from across the Atlantic have outsold the works of their fellows, statistics by no means confined to the novel. Dr. Kinsey's report sold 50,000 copies, and Gayelord Hauser's *Look Younger, Live Longer* is still a runaway more than a year after its publication. And there is the beginning of a trend toward "How To" books, which attempt to translate America's doubtful know-how on such subjects as marriage and human relations.

THE BUSINESS OF TRANSLATIONS has become almost essential to French publishing. One of the oldest and most respected houses maintains a department composed of five persons who devote full time to editing, adapting, and rewriting the manuscripts of free-lance translators. It is a situation which has never existed in America, where foreign writers meet more prejudice. For instance, on the spring list of one New York publisher, one who has built his reputation on his foreign authors, only seven of the thirty-three titles offered were translations, and of the two of

French origin one was a hundred-year-old novel by Honoré de Balzac.

This brings up the current French attitude toward the great men who founded and molded the nation's culture. Not only are Paris streets still named for writers, artists, composers, thinkers, who have been dead for scores of years, but grimy cafés in workmen's districts are named for such men as Paul Valéry, the poet. The wonderful Rodin sculptured portrait of Balzac still commands the entrance to the Boulevard Raspail, on the Boulevard Malesherbes a marble muse courts Alfred de Musset, and Victor Hugo is gone from the square which bears his name only because the Germans felt the need of bronze for munitions. Where an American schoolboy would have difficulty identifying Stephen Crane, the average Frenchman, like the barman, is patly knowledgeable about the works of Sainte-Beuve and a hundred others.

The interest of the French in the literature of other generations contributes to the present atmosphere in which translations thrive, but at the same time it reduces the demand for American writing to a kind of curiosity which is more active simply because publishers are not offering better quality from French contemporaries. The barman would have been happier — perhaps even proud — if *The Young Lions* had been written by a French-



man, but he read the translation with pleasure and approval because it was the only novel of its kind about the war in Europe which was available to him.

With so many books coming from abroad, the average French reader applies French standards of criticism. America is frequently reprimanded for its unwillingness to accept talent immediately. Yet there are almost always reservations in the praise offered a U. S. writer. The bright holder of a *baccalauréat* who will berate her American friends for the fact William Faulkner was so long in winning popular recognition at home is equally aggressive in her belief that neither he nor any other from the United States can really compare with the best of her own country. For her the only good writers are a part of the past, a glory that was France's alone, and one which is sufficient even in today's climate of mediocrity. She would rather have the heritage of past greatness than a future of uncertain accomplishment. As a French woman — and she is typical of thousands of educated citizens — her intellectual security is in the achievement of the generations before her. Nothing can convince her that the real France is in anyway dead as long as the masterpieces of French writing, French art, French music live. It is unimportant to her that little if any greatness is being shaped today.

She has gone from Sainte-Beuve to Beuve-Mery, the contemporary newspaper editor who calls for a France which stands alone, without encumbering alliances either in literature or politics. Such citizens are blithely unimpressed with the dullness of current French literature, for in their eyes the past is more than enough to make up for the present. And it may be this kind of lethargy which accounts for the lack of originality and verve in most of what has been produced since the war. As a nation France has every-reason to be tired.

LIVING IN THIS AURA of national fatigue, almost any writer is bound to react — in some way. But it would be inaccurate to say that France's political troubles, or even the destructive, deeply felt tragedy of the war with Germany, are solely responsible for the decadent attitudes of many contemporary writers. The public fervor created by Jean-Paul Sartre is only one example, one which is singular in most respects. Sartre has used the novel and the theater only as implements to enunciate a new concept in philosophy. As a novelist Sartre is one whose debt to American writers is admitted, and a direct relationship to the early Dos Passos can be found in his style and technique; the likeness is in a barren approach to dialogue and situation, in a common aloofness of manner. So, too,

does Albert Camus show the impact of Faulkner and Hemingway, the latter another of the Americans who commands reverence from many French.

But — and this, of course, is obvious — there are many portents, many influences which are not American. The trend toward doom-filled fiction, so often credited to Sartre, actually got its start long ago and dates back, in the opinion of some critics, to Dostoevski. The currently popular *romans noirs* are distinctly apart from Sartre's work, turning to the nineteenth century *révoltés* and the *naturalistes* for their influences. Certainly many of these books which paint such sordid and shocking pictures are influenced by Céline, and some of them seem so contrived that they may be conscious efforts at shocking the public into buying. *La Terre Est Chaude*, a recent novel by Henri d'Amfreville, goes so far as to try to make plausible a physical romance between a little girl and an animal. Such authors enjoy what is known as *succès de scandale*.

Commercial success is always tempting. Even a writer of the stature of Henri Troyat, whose *My Father's House* was published in the United States last fall, has taken time out to write a "quickie" best-selling novel about a much-publicized murder case involving sex-hungry teen-agers. And the distinguished George Bernanos made an

attempt at a detective story in order to help pay his bills.

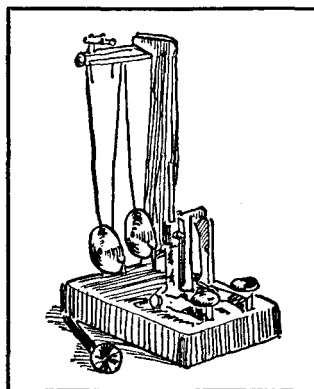
Just as important as the style mimic, the conscious "shock" writer, and the mature artist who occasionally aims at a best seller, are the growing number of French novelists who develop serious but depressing themes out of insular revolts. Their attitudes of despair compare with those of Americans like Paul Bowles. Among them, Hervé Bazin, whose works are available in English, dwells on interior wounds, writing a scathing diatribe of his mother in one novel, of his father in another. In *Les Jeux Sauvages*, Paul Colin has involved four children in an orgy of savagery, and Paul Molaine writes terrifyingly of insanity in *Les Orgues de l'Enfer*. Approaching this trend is Jean-Baptiste Rossi, the nineteen-year-old who received much praise for his love story of a fourteen-year-old boy and a twenty-eight-year-old nun.

Not all of this can be blamed on America, by any means. But it remains true that, coupled with the lassitude and hopelessness resulting from the war, the young French writer is surrounded by an economic situation in which America's money power influences most phases of his life. Even though he may successfully reject those influences, he is apt to be bitter because of their acknowledged existence. And bitterness is not conducive to a truly creative, constructive culture.

# Opinions

from

## the Chronoscope



*From the most popular "information" program on television — Longines Chronoscope — THE MERCURY brings its readers each month a few carefully selected opinions. The program is televised each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 11 p.m. Eastern Standard Time by CBS (Channel 2). William Bradford Huie, THE MERCURY's editor, conducts the discussions on these programs, which feature leading national and international figures, with a guest editor. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the editor or sponsor.*

**THE HON. ERNEST GROSS**  
*U. S. Delegate to the U. N.*

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**PRICE DANIELS**  
*Attorney General, Texas*

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**DR. NICHOLAS NYARADI**

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**F. EDWARD HÉBERT**  
*(DEM. LA.)*

### **Ambassador Gross on Korea and the United Nations**

**MR. HUIE:** Ambassador Gross, do you believe that there is more support in the United States for the United Nations or less than there was three or four months ago?

**MR. GROSS:** I would say there is less support.

**MR. HUIE:** That means there is a growing criticism of the United Nations in this country?

**MR. GROSS:** That's my impression.

**MR. ELLIOT HAINES:** Do you believe the reason is that the United Nations was oversold to Americans, that they were told that the United Nations would solve

all problems overnight?

MR. GROSS: I don't know whether I would agree that it was oversold. I think there were a great many hopes we had in 1945 in the world that existed then which have turned out to be unfounded, and I think that the fact that all our hopes did not materialize, did not really come about, led to frustration.

MR. HAINES: What are such hopes?

MR. GROSS: In 1945, just after the war, a great many people all over the world thought that all the big powers, including the Soviet Union, would agree on peace treaties for Germany and Japan. The fact that the Soviet Union has not carried out its pledges and that the Soviet Union has violated the United Nations Charter, the fact that the Soviet Union has not cooperated with the rest of the world, has led to the situation which exists in the world today.

MR. HUIE: I think our people generally understand the disillusionment about Russia. But what about our own nation? Do you think that the whole Korean matter has contributed to disillusionment in our country?

MR. GROSS: I hope not. I think that the attitude of the American people, if I can summarize it as I see it at least, toward the United Nations has followed the ups and downs of the Korean war

itself. I think that right after the aggression against the Republic of Korea in June, 1950, there was a tremendous enthusiasm in this country for the United Nations and for the fact that the United Nations decided to stop aggression in Korea. But after the Chinese Communists came into the war and, as General MacArthur said at the time, a new war had started, I think there was a great deal of disillusionment and disapproval of the fact that the United Nations had not carried the war to a successful conclusion.

MR. HAINES: Do you think that the United Nations can carry the war to a successful conclusion within a reasonable period?

MR. GROSS: That decision is for the Communists. The United Nations has won a great victory in Korea. I think the American people and the rest of the world understand that aggression was brought to a halt in Korea. The Republic of Korea is a country today.

MR. HUIE: Do you think that much of our disillusionment in Korea has been caused by the fact that some of our allies have seemed to be rather reluctant?

MR. GROSS: I think there has not been enough of a contribution of military forces by our allies. I have felt that from the very beginning.

MR. HUIE: You think that disillusionment is still a factor?

sionment, that criticism among our own people has been justified? Is it true that some of our allies have been reluctant, in effect let us down in Korea?

MR. GROSS: Yes, I think so.

MR. HAINES: Well, how can you say that, when the French and British are carrying on wars of almost the same size as the Korean war in Indo-China and Malaya?

MR. GROSS: There are sixty members of the United Nations. I do not want to seem to be running down the contributions of the French and the British. The French have had astounding losses in Indo-China where they have been carrying on the war against Communism. The British have been making sacrifices in Malaya and Southeast Asia generally. I am not referring to any particular countries when I make that statement. But the United Nations' effort in Korea should be a collective effort, and I am certain that more contributions can be made by many more countries than have come into the war in Korea.

MR. HUIE: Can you point to some specific things that have happened that should encourage us about the United Nations?

MR. GROSS: What I have just been saying about the failure of our allies to send greater forces to Korea or to send forces at all has to be weighed and balanced

against the fact that there are sixteen nations fighting in Korea, that the United Nations has stemmed the aggression against the Republic of Korea, that if the Korean enterprise had not been undertaken the Korean Republic would have been overrun. I haven't the slightest doubt in the world that the Communists regarded Korea as part of a master plan of aggression.

MR. HUIE: You think that an objective judgment should be that Korea is a plus for the United Nations?

MR. GROSS: We turned a historic corner when we decided to stop the aggression.

MR. HAINES: Now, during the last session of the General Assembly in Paris, was there any even slight reaching of an agreement which might portend a greater agreement in the future?

MR. GROSS: The Russians, I think, were definitely on the defensive at this last session of the Assembly. I think they are on the defensive in the world today.

MR. HAINES: But is that reaching toward a final agreement between the two major powers?

MR. GROSS: I think so. I think what the Soviet leaders, what the Kremlin needs is a show of solid strength on the other side, and by strength, I don't mean armed might alone. I mean a solid attitude on the part of the rest of

the world. I think we are getting that. We need the United Nations in order to get that.

**Mr. Daniels on the Tidelands Oil Case Decision**

MR. HENRY HAZLITT: I know this Tidelands Case is very close to your heart. You argued this before the Supreme Court as Attorney General of Texas. What do you think of the decision of the Supreme Court in that case?

MR. DANIELS: Well, of course, Mr. Hazlitt, I think the decision is incorrect. The Court refused to hear the evidence. For the first time in the history of the Supreme Court, it denied a State the right to introduce evidence in a contested lawsuit.

MR. HUIE: Could you explain briefly what the essence of the case was — what was involved in this Tidelands Case?

MR. DANIELS: As you know, the Tidelands problem involves the claim of the Federal government to submerged land within State boundaries heretofore recognized as being the property of the State. In our country, for over a hundred years it has been recognized that the States owned the land beneath navigable waters within their boundaries. In addition to that, Texas had a special annexation agreement by which we specifically retained all of our unsold land when we entered the

United States. Now, after a hundred years of recognizing that this property belonged to the States, in recent years Federal officials have come along and sued Texas, California, and Louisiana, and now claim the property from many other States.

MR. HUIE: Is it a problem that concerns only those States that are on the oceans?

MR. DANIELS: The immediate problem concerns those States that are on the oceans or on the Great Lakes — twenty-one coastal or Great Lakes States.

MR. HUIE: Is there great wealth at stake in these tidelands?

MR. DANIELS: Yes.

MR. HUIE: In Texas, particularly, of course, oil is what is at stake.

MR. DANIELS: Oil is our most valuable resource in the tidelands conflict.

MR. HUIE: So essentially this is a conflict between the State and the Federal government for the control of valuable oil lines.

MR. DANIELS: That is true with respect to Texas, Louisiana, and California. Other States have just as valuable resources. New York and New Jersey have sand, shell fish, and other things in that area which are bringing in considerable revenue in those States and to the people in those States. Also, I'd like to remind you that New York has millions and millions of dollars worth of

improvements built beyond the low tide. Long Beach, Coney Island, and a lot of fill lands are being reclaimed and improved. The Federal government is now claiming that property.

MR. HUIE: Is the issue to decide whether the Federal government should have control over all such things that you mention, including the oil in Texas, and other valuable properties?

MR. DANIELS: The oil in Texas, the iron ore in the Great Lakes, coal in the West Virginia streams, etc.

MR. HAZLITT: Mr. Daniels, isn't the question also of private property involved in the way that the Supreme Court worded its decision?

MR. DANIELS: Many good lawyers, including members of the American Bar Association and the American Tidal Association, feel that the Federal government could take private property, as well as State property, under the theory of these Tideland decisions. Therefore, I think you are correct. If every Federal official had the nerve to go that far toward nationalizing property, I believe they could do it under the theory in this decision.

MR. HAZLITT: What do you think is the most serious problem that the people of the United States face this year?

MR. DANIELS: I think the most serious problem we face is to get rid of some of this concentration of

power in Washington. We have too much power centralized in our national sovereign. It is bringing on a lot of inefficiency, plunder, graft, and corruption. And I say the big problem is to get our government back to our people.

### ***Dr. Nyaradi on the Voice of America and Hungary***

MR. DONALD I. ROGERS: Dr. Nyaradi, since you were Minister of Finance in Hungary before the Communists took over and have spent some time in Moscow and behind the Iron Curtain as an official of Hungary, we'd like to have you tell us some of the intimate things you learned behind the Iron Curtain. We would like you to tell us about the effectiveness of our own propaganda program. How effective, for instance, is the Voice of America?

DR. NYARADI: The great difficulty for every broadcast which comes from the free world is to penetrate Russia, and there are two great walls — iron walls. The first is of a technical nature; the other of a psychological nature. The technical problem is this: in the whole Russian empire — if I may use the term — there are no more than two million radio sets which you could control or on which you could get any foreign broadcasts.

MR. ROGERS: How many people are there in Russia?

DR. NYARADI: About 220 million at present.

MR. HUIE: Who owns these radio sets?

DR. NYARADI: I don't think I have to tell you that there is a special caste of high-ranking Communists, and even they can't get those foreign broadcasts due to the fact that eighty per cent of them are carefully jammed by Russian government transmitters. And the other difficulty is of a psychological nature. Even if we could have two hundred million radio sets in Russia, the Russian people would not understand what we tell them because their mentality, their background, their experiences, and their education are completely different. To tell a Russian today about the American way of life, our concepts of freedom and democracy, is exactly as if you would tell a man who had been born blind the difference between light blue and dark blue. They wouldn't believe it, they couldn't grasp it.

MR. ROGERS: Since the Voice is ineffective, what propaganda measures can we take?

DR. NYARADI: There was a very old idea, and I think a very good idea, of sending balloons over there, and those balloons would drop leaflets. The people could read those leaflets and look at the pictures. This would be one step forward. But even this is not

enough because, due to the special indoctrination of the Russian people, what they would appreciate most is the quality of the paper, and that's about all, since they would think all the rest were simply messages of the American ministry of propaganda.

MR. ROGERS: In other words, it is the tangible things they appreciate.

MR. HUIE: What is happening to Budapest today under the occupation? Is a great cultural city like Budapest likely to be changed drastically or perhaps be destroyed as a cultural center?

DR. NYARADI: First we witnessed the physical destruction of Budapest by Soviet troops and the Nazis, and today we have to witness the cultural destruction, which I would call cultural genocide. What is going on now is a program to kill in our youth, in our people, the feeling of nationalism, the feeling of loving their country. Now our youth is brought up unfortunately in the love for Stalin, the alleged great teacher of mankind. Today our children are taught to hate their parents, to hate religion, to hate their home, and to die one day for the great leader.

MR. ROGERS: Is this teaching effective with the children?

DR. NYARADI: I'm sorry to tell you that in Hungary we have shown in two elections held under Rus-



sian occupation that we do not want Communism. The anti-Communist party in Hungary got eighty-three per cent of the votes.

MR. HUIE: You are saying, then, that within a generation a nation like Hungary can disappear as a cultural entity?

DR. NYARADI: Not only as a cultural entity, but I am afraid that it might disappear as a national entity.

MR. HUIE: How long do we of the West have to rescue a nation like Hungary?

DR. NYARADI: We political exiles are always accused of wanting you Americans to fight our war, so I musn't tell you how our people suffer. But I can tell you one thing: if those countries could be liberated today, it would mean that the eighty per cent of the people would fight the Russians tooth and nail.

MR. ROGERS: You imply, then, that time is not in our favor.

DR. NYARADI: In this sector I am sorry to say that time is working against the cause of democracy.

### ***Mr. Hébert on Waste-Spending of the Armed Services***

MR. ROGERS: Congressman Hébert, we have been reading your name in the headlines lately as your committee investigates the alleged wastes in the procurement and purchasing policy of the Armed Services. How much do

you estimate is being wasted each year in this present system of purchasing?

MR. HÉBERT: I estimate that at the conclusion of our investigation we will be in a position to save the taxpayer some five billions of dollars.

MR. ROGERS: I hear quite a bit of opposition to your investigation. Can you tell me where this comes from mainly?

MR. HÉBERT: I don't think there is any secret about where the opposition to the investigation comes from. It comes from the Pentagon itself, from the battery of high-powered press agents who are over there attempting to confuse and befuddle the American people. I call them the "platoon pitchmen."

MR. ROGERS: Is there any necessity for them on the Federal payroll?

MR. HÉBERT: No necessity that I know of. I don't believe a public relations officer should be a lobbyist or press agent for any department of government. And these individuals directing this propaganda mill, this propaganda machine, are deliberately attempting to confuse the people concerning the issues at stake and deliberately misrepresenting what our committee has exposed to date.

MR. HENRY HAZLITT: Where is the waste principally? In the method of ordering?

MR. HÉBERT: Yes, in the method of

ordering, and by stabilization of articles on a lower level whereby the spread can be deliberately planned. In other words, you need stabilization and a single catalog and possibly a central procurement agency.

MR. HAZLITT: Could you give a couple of examples of this waste?

MR. HÉBERT: As one example, you have the now famous boots or shoes. The sailor, for instance, has a shoe that costs a certain price. The flyer has a shoe that costs a dollar more. There is certainly no reason in the world why a sailor or a flyer should wear different shoes. They are both Americans, they are both men, they are both in our fighting force, and they should wear the same type of shoe at the same price. If it is a good enough shoe for the sailor to wear, it is certainly a good enough shoe for the flyer to wear. And keep in mind that when you choose a decimal point, you go into billions of dollars.

MR. ROGERS: But you don't necessarily hold that the cheapest item should be bought always?

MR. HÉBERT: By no means. As an example: Admiral Fox of the Navy had two bearings which he presented to the committee. One bearing, as I recall, cost thirty-four cents, the other bearing four

dollars and thirty-one cents. Apparently, to the naked eye, they were the same bearing. Actually, they were not. Now, nobody on our committee has ever intended or ever indicated by any way that you should use a cheaper bearing which would not perform properly. Naturally, buy the better bearing.

MR. HAZLITT: Is there any way in which Congress can really get into these matters? Have you an adequate staff, for example, to supervise the spending requests of the Armed Services?

MR. HÉBERT: No, we do not have an adequate staff. We have a staff of only three men.

MR. HAZLITT: And, how much spending will they control, will they supervise?

MR. HÉBERT: We have cognizance over one hundred billion dollars. We have cognizance over every dime, every penny spent by the Armed Services with the exception of real estate.

MR. ROGERS: How on earth can you police that amount of money with only three men?

MR. HÉBERT: We can only police it by a "hit and miss" system of trying to do the best job we can with the tools at hand, and I think we've done a remarkable job to date.



William Phillips

*The Pursuit  
of  
Good and Evil*

GRAHAM GREENE

GRAHAM GREENE is best known as a writer of thrillers. But he is also a religious writer, in the sense that he uses much of his writing as a vehicle for his faith. And though we do not usually associate thrillers with theology, Greene seems to have been able to make the combination work, mainly because of his skill as a story-teller, but also, oddly enough, because the literary effectiveness of his novels has come more from his worldliness than his spirituality. The actual world he creates in his fiction is a tough and sophisticated underworld.

Throughout his life, Greene seems never to have been too far from the center of contemporary experience. We learned recently, for example,

when he was temporarily denied a visa to this country under the provisions of the McCarran Act, that he had been a member briefly of the Communist Party some years ago. His remarks, after being admitted, about the precarious state of civil liberties in the United States echoed the anti-American sentiment fashionable in many intellectual circles abroad. Greene also reveals in one of the sketches in his new book, *The Lost Childhood* \* — if it can be taken as autobiographical — that he had a dose of psychoanalysis in his adolescence, following a youthful flirtation with the idea of suicide. And in the literary forms he has been drawn

\* *The Lost Childhood*. By Graham Greene. The Viking Press. 191 pp. \$3.50.

to, he has always been close to the popular taste.

Like much of Greene's other writing, *The Lost Childhood*, an informal collection of literary essays, reviews, and personal notes, on the surface is quite worldly, easy-going, urbane—in a way very British. Many of the pieces are comments on minor English writers and events, normally of interest only to literary specialists, but Greene presents them with a casual charm and intimacy that makes the book as a whole a kind of intellectual entertainment. Thus there are engaging observations of Robert Louis Stevenson's chronic immaturity, Conrad's miserable relations with his wife, Havelock Ellis' "advanced" ideas about marriage, Samuel Butler's plodding mind, Conan Doyle's resistance to being spoiled by success. The title piece, "The Lost Childhood", is a lively autobiographical fragment, recalling Greene's passion as a boy for adventure stories and suggesting that much of his later life—as well as many of his literary habits—can be traced to the fantasies aroused by his youthful reading.

But behind the bland surface of these essays is the image of the writer as a haunted man. For not only does Greene's own haunting religious theme constantly break through the relaxed prose, but he also states explicitly that every important writer is goaded by some obsessive idea or passion. "Every

creative writer worth our consideration," says Greene, "every writer who can be called in the wide eighteenth-century use of the term a poet, is a victim: of man given over to an obsession." This obsession is at the center of a writer's entire work, dictating his subjects, plots, characters, his choice of symbols, and his sense of human fate. And at some point, according to Greene, the obsessive theme appears, stripped of its mask, before the eye of the reader. "In all writers," he says, "there occurs a moment of crystallization when the dominant theme is plainly expressed, when the private universe becomes visible even to the least sensitive reader."

THIS PICTURE of the artist as a driven being, driven by some demon or mania, is an old one, going back as far as Plato, who favored the banishment of poets in an ideal republic because their poetic madness made them irresponsible as citizens. And, in recent years, critics with an interest in psychoanalysis have explored the notion of the artist as a highly gifted neurotic, goaded by his private fantasies yet specially sensitive to the motives and the fate of other people. But Greene does not carry his speculations to such lengths: he seems rather content to state the thesis and to illustrate it by the work of a few major writers. His chief example is Henry James, who is the subject of several

essays in this collection, and Greene maintains that "the ruling fantasy which drove him [James] to write" was "a sense of evil" that usually took the form of treachery, of "the Judas complex." Similarly, Greene points to the obsession of Walter de la Mare which is expressed in the "dominant symbol . . . of the railway station or railway journey"; to the satanic principle in Dickens pitted against a philanthropic idea of goodness; and to Thomas Hardy's vision of life as a whirlpool.

THOUGH ONE MIGHT DISAGREE with Greene's interpretations of James or other figures, the theory of the obsessed writer is a suggestive approach and it does seem to throw some light on the creative process. But what is most interesting is that Greene's application of the idea reveals the bias, perhaps the obsessive theme, of his own thinking. In most of the cases cited by him, it turns out that the "ruling passion" of the writer is related in some way, either positively or negatively, with the problem of good and evil, with the work of God and the work of Satan. Thus Henry James, according to Greene, was strongly moved by a religious sense, though he did not have a systematic faith; while Dickens, for all his concern with the triumph of virtue, created essentially "a world without God." Greene also says of Fielding that though he introduced a kind of "moral serious-

ness" into the novel, he lacked a feeling for "moral struggle," and that at bottom evil for Fielding "is always a purely sexual matter."

Hence one suspects that Greene's idea of obsession is actually a form of self-revelation or projection. In fact, all his writing points to a preoccupation with good and evil, not only in religious terms, but in the direct experience of crime and lust, and all the morbidity and violence of the human underground. As he indicates in the essay on his childhood, his concern with the dark forces of the world existed long before he had acquired an active faith. Describing the influence of a book he read at the age of fourteen, he says the author "had given me my pattern — religion might later explain it to me, but the pattern was already there — perfect evil walking the world where perfect good can never walk again, and only the pendulum ensures that after all in the end justice is done."

Here we have the pattern of Greene's fiction. Greene, himself, divides his fiction into what he modestly calls "entertainments," which include the pure thrillers, and his "novels," most of which are also thrillers with a spiritual message. The more important novels are steeped in religious symbolism, but it is interesting to note that even their cloak-and-dagger aspects are related to the moral conflict Greene sees in all human existence, for the dramatic

narrative, usually taking the form of a man-hunt, is also a battle between crime and justice. In essence, the excitement of the novels is provided by the simple formula of the chase, the melodrama of crime and punishment, while the meaning is carried by the tension between good and evil within the characters themselves, and in their relation to each other.

IN BRIGHTON ROCK, an early novel, for example, the central figure is a precocious gangster, an eighteen-year-old killer, who stalks his prey, and is stalked in turn by a barroom heroine who feels the police need assistance in the pursuit of justice. All the trappings of the cops-and-robbers saga are here, including the robbers' betrayal of each other. But the young girl, whom the gangster marries to keep from being able to testify against him, serves as the link between the action and the higher meaning. She is important to the plot because she has accidentally been a witness to the one thing the police have overlooked; at the same time she is torn between her sense of right and wrong and her innocent devotion to her gangster-husband, and in the end, after justice catches up with crime, she goes to confession where she learns she can be saved by love and prayer.

Another typical novel, *The Power and the Glory*, reverses the formula, but the ingredients are all there.

The hero, a "whiskey priest," a man of childlike sweetness and innocence though tainted with sin, is the victim of a chase, hunted by the police of a Mexican government that has outlawed priests. Again, on one level, there is all the tricky suspense of pursuit, but the final capture of the priest, when he permits himself to be trapped by going to perform the last rites for a dying man, is represented as a form of martyrdom, a triumph of faith even though its bearer is executed.

Greene's most recent novel, *The End of the Affair*, in many ways one of his best works, is an attempt to create a religious novel without the trappings of the thriller, but it contains a modified, perhaps symbolic, version of the chase in the form of a hired detective checking on the private life of the heroine. The story, which is rather ingenious, is that of a novelist who sets out to gather material for a book on the life of a British civil servant and ends up by having an affair with his wife. Ultimately all three are destroyed in the inferno of treacherous love and adultery that they have created. The novelist, who tells the story in the first person, is without a moral core, incapable of salvation, a man who hates his mistress, his rival, and himself, while the husband is the innocent victim, capable of forgiveness, partly through ineptitude, partly through love for the image of his wife. The wife naturally serves

as the moral battlefield, for she has to make the essential decision, not only between the two men, but between love and loyalty, and, as Greene conceives the situation, between the abstract principles of right and wrong. The novel seems to me to be more successful than many of his other works of fiction because Greene's central religious theme, his obsessive idea, is more organically connected with the situation in which he places his characters—a situation that poses a moral problem and demands a moral solution. Still, as in his other novels, much of its effectiveness is gained by the almost painless fluency of the prose and the extraordinary adroitness with which the shifting scenes of the story are placed before the reader.

**Y**ET ONE FEELS that the very ease and smoothness of Greene's fiction is at the same time a symptom of some essential failure. For the religious feeling he brings to his writing leads one to expect a world of

greater intensity and grandeur, touching the heights and the depths of human existence, full of pity and terror and a sense of the abyss that comes before salvation. One naturally thinks, when considering Greene as a religious writer, of figures like Dostoevski, Dante, and Kierkegaard; and if the comparison would seem unfair to Greene, it can only be said that the nature of his theme invites it.

Perhaps, however, Greene's "obsession," or "ruling fantasy," is concerned not with faith and the moral order of mankind, but with the chase that grows out of the clash between good and evil, justice and crime—with the drama of pursuit in the moral underworld. In this case, of course, one would have to compare Greene with a writer like Eric Ambler rather than Dostoevski, and the fact is he is very much better. He has at least demonstrated that conscience and literary integrity are not incompatible with entertainment.

# *The Sweet Disease of* *OTHERNESS*

## *The Birds and Edna Vincent Millay*

IF THERE WAS ONE THING Edna Millay wholeheartedly disliked, it was sentimental bunk. She was a true lyric singer, a poet after the manner of Horace and Burns, not Browning and Mrs. Browning. She sang of the world as it is, the good and the bad, the hard and the soft. She had no kinship with those who employ their minds in trying to make things seem softer and nicer for men's instincts than they are. She had no tolerance of the mush-heads whether in politics or poetry. Her mind was keen, sharp-edged as a chisel — avid of factual knowledge. It was so with her husband Eugen Boisevain. This was the center almost, this and laughter and the joy in beauty, of our long and intimate friendship. It comes like a blow in the face, almost, to have the first published memoir of Edna Millay\* devote itself to the effort to read into her, and her poetry, the very thing that she despised.

Fortunately Vincent Sheean, the

author of this memoir, has sensitive perceptions and a gifted pen. There are delightful anecdotes and vividly recalled images in his book. I am sure Eugen's hilarious ghost is counting on me to defend his beauty against that slanderous epithet, "great hulk of a man." He had as trim, agile, and athletic a figure as you would find on a long hunt for one. But in general Sheean paints with a skilled hand the scenes in which he tried to put over on Edna his "poety" notion that she had some occult kinship or supernatural affinity with birds. Not only indigo buntings — which are rather pretty — but sea gulls, scissorbills, cowbirds, corn-crakes, shrikes, shite-pokes, buzzards, vultures I suppose, and, probably, since time is negligible in these matters, great auks and dodos, were in "incessant commerce" with her. Sheean records faithfully Edna's failure to respond, and wonders what sybilline reticence was the cause. The cause was extremely simple — she was polite. Eugen, if he had been there, might

\* *Indigo Bunting*. By Vincent Sheean. Harper. 161 pp. \$2.50.



have answered: "Oh, nonsense! If I had fed the birds and she hadn't, they would come around me, although I'm not a poet, as you may have noticed, but a kitchen hand." But Edna couldn't very well say "Nonsense" to a man who was paying her mystical adulation.

Edna fed the birds on a tray just outside the window of her living room, as several million other people do, and Sheean (unless for literary purposes he is pretending to be more naïve than he was) asked:

"Why do they come here?"

"Because I feed them, of course," Edna said.

After some conversation he said again: "I can't understand it. There are so many. Why do they come to this window?"

"For food, I told you," she scolded. "There's food on the window sill."

This is a fair sample of the meeting of their minds. Here is another from the same visit to Steepletop:

"We sat and talked about the birds for a while and I told her . . . that I thought she was instinctively pantheistic and had some relation to these creatures. She denied it, of course. . . ."

After spending the day at Steepletop, Sheean goes home to his place in Vermont, and sees an indigo bunting in his own hedge. This he finds conclusive.

"No other indigo bunting has been seen on this farm since that day . . . the bird is not uncommon,

but it was on that day that he came here, and . . . he would not leave that hedge until darkness fell. It is my considered scientific opinion that he was a messenger from Edna saying that the rain was over."

Sheean is very earnest about this — it's not a joke that I am taking too seriously. The notion grows and blossoms in his mind until it becomes the basis of a literary-critical "appreciation" of Edna's poetry that I believe would drive her out of her wits. It is through her occult inhabitation of a world behind the beyond, a "larger life within which human life is contained," Sheean tells us, "that Edna's verse takes on extra dimensions, enlarges its own deceptive simplicities and relates to a concept which she never admitted, but which as a sort of rock-bottom idiosyncratic pantheism, coloring her existence and determining her behavior, will be seen to have set her poems apart and helped give them the grace to be remembered."

Poor Edna!

Just because she loved birds and fed them at her window, it turns out that all her poetry, "lyrics and sonnets, long and short poems, are animated by the presence of all these feathered beasts . . . supplying her with endless petitions to a reality above and beyond the limits of human experience."

Some people can't even take an interest in a thing until they have

convinced themselves it is something else besides what it is. They think that is what the mind is for.

"Shelley's skylark was, of course, his own poetic genius."

"The sweet disease of otherness," I call this affliction, which I must say passes among wide circles of the great American middle class for the essence of poetry. I suppose it doesn't matter, and I wouldn't be writing this except for my wistful love, and the intellectual admiration that stood in the heart of it, for Edna Millay. People who know how to read poetry, and live the experience it offers, will not be bothered by these supererogatory "interpretations" of or intrusions into it. Others will lap them up. That will go on forever. But the idea that Edna Millay, being a pantheist or any other kind of theist, could have written a poem like "Epitaph for the Race of Man," and not happened to mention this fact, is a little too much to bear in silence.

Sheean himself seems slightly troubled by his obtruding of foreign matter into the integrity of a poet's utterance. For toward the end of his book he admits that it is not Edna he is talking about, but the "inner recesses of her consciousness." And he drags in the mystical psychologies of Dr. Carl Jung—it would be Dr. Jung!—to remind us that this is something considerably distinct from Edna herself. "She denied it." "She denied it, of course." "She never said it." "She refused to think about it." But that only goes to show how true it was. She "behaved as if this were her belief and therefore it probably was her belief in the inner recesses of her consciousness."

Well, it is a sad and discouraging thing to become famous and die, and have people use your beautiful fresh speech and memory as a rack to hang their own old clothes of ideas on. It is certainly not a new thing, and somehow great literature survives it.

MAX EASTMAN

## Books in Short

*The Groves of Academe.* By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace. 302 pp. \$350. In *The Oasis*, her first piece of fiction of any length, Mary McCarthy assembled the leading lights of New York's politico-literary *avant-garde* in a Utopian colony and proceeded to make rather savage fun of some of them. Yet, for all the author's intellectual wit and dashing, ironical style, *The Oasis* was not successful satire. It was too much a *roman à clef*. Its characters lacked a third dimension which only possession of the key by the reader could supply; but possessing that key, the reader found the book turned into a superior kind of gossip. The satiric intention was spoiled even more by the author's lack of detachment. Some characters were given an unaccountably vindictive tongue-lashing, while others, apparently no less erring mortals, got off unscathed. On the girl Katy, in particular, was lavished all the — we suspect autobiographical — tenderness of a George Eliot writing about Maggie Tulliver. Satire, however, like justice, is nothing if it is not even-handed; it knows that if we are not rascals, why then we are fools, and what is there to choose between the two?

In *The Groves of Academe*, a better story, we nevertheless find the author guilty of this same sentimentality of preferring fools to rascals.

Henry Mulcahy, the chief rascal, supports a wife and four ragged children by teaching modern literature at a progressive college. Identifying himself with "the sacred untouchables of the modern martyrology" — Joyce, Proust, Kafka — and convinced of his own superior abilities, he naturally decides, when the president of the college notifies him of the termination of his appointment, that he is the victim "of that ferocious envy of mediocrity for excellence that is the ruling passion of all systems of jobholders." From this it is but a step to his concluding that he is the object of an academic witch hunt — for what more damaging accusation could he bring against the president, a devout liberal who is the author of a pamphlet, "The Witch Hunt in Our Universities"? To make this charge more plausible, he conceives the brilliant idea of claiming to be a Communist, though a dissident one. Mulcahy's colleagues rally to the defense of academic freedom, his appointment is renewed, and in the end it is the hapless and badgered president who is forced to resign.

The story is funnier in conception than execution, for the author's heart cannot help but go out to just those liberal victims of the knave Mulcahy whom the plot purports to satirize, and the edge of the irony

is blunted. Domna Rejnev, a handsome girl who teaches Russian literature and has "the temperament and vocation of a *narodnika*," we are asked to admire, in spite of some gentle irony, just because she is a dupe: it is only evidence of her ardent nature. Here again, as with Katy in *The Oasis*, the reader detects a sort of sneaking autobiographical fondness. Howard Furness' "sharp, dapper mind" sees through Mulcahy's hoax. Perhaps for this very reason he is scored off with harsh irony; we must put him, as being too intelligent, among the rascals. The poor president is at least as pathetic as he is comic; this tinges with a certain remorse what should be the cruel hilarity of the ending. I must conclude that Miss McCarthy, though her tongue is sharp enough with those of whom she disapproves, is too unself-critical and captious, plays too many favorites, to be a true satirist.

The best things in *The Groves of Academe*, which are very good indeed, are the incidentals. The experimental college is properly spoofed, and academic types are neatly transfigured — for example, "the *Four Quartets* boy who squeaked 'tradition' when you pressed him and would cut your throat in an instant for the advancement of Number One." The high point in the book is the poetry conference, with its amusing gallery of thinly disguised poetic notables. There is a brilliantly ironical evocation of the spirit of

classical humanism amid all the callow modernism of the progressive college when the "Didoesque" lady poet, Miss Harriette Mansell, "with flashing orb and classic bust," gives an impassioned reading from Virgil. On every page of the novel there is an eager rush of wit and language which, though its effect is often strained, does not fail to have a sort of engaging, bright-little-girl charm. Once only does Miss McCarthy come a really terrible cropper. When an admiring professor too ardently accosts the lady poet with a learned scholarly question, and she misunderstands it in her regal way, we are told: "Perhaps he had spoken too fast, being, like a boy, so full of his spermy question that he crammed it all into one sentence, without consideration for the lady's slower pace"! Such a spirited failure, however, is better than most people's successes.

MARTIN GREENBERG

***The Man Outside.*** The collected prose works of Wolfgang Borchert. Translated from the German by David Potter. New Directions. 259 pp. \$3.50. Wolfgang Borchert's collected prose, in the able and sensitive translation of David Potter, is a substantial addition to the otherwise rather meager list of contemporary German fiction that has reached this country. Not only do we encounter here, for once, a genuine poetic talent and a gifted

writer, which is rare enough, but we also find in Borchert an able and eloquent spokesman for the still inarticulate generation of young Germans that grew up and matured in the later years of the war.

Cast in the role of the tragic victim, this generation found itself helplessly caught in the wheels of an infernal machinery which somebody else — their parents, their teachers — had set going and from which there was no escape. They did not partake in Hitler's "glorious" *blitzkrieg* of 1939 and 1940 (there is, indeed, hardly any testimony in German literature of this particular period), but their central and only experience began with the deadly winters in Russia, the crumbling of their cities, and ended in the apocalyptic collapse of their country.

This generation, raised on the watered-down milk of Nazi prosperity, when guns were "more important than butter," and with the hollow claims of a great but indefinite future as their sole compensation for the bloody drudgery of war, had — ultimately — nothing to fight for but their own survival.

When they returned, "the broken men of 1945," they were aware of their "otherness," their seclusion from the rest of the world, from the rest of their countrymen. They had been burdened with a responsibility they did not want. And there was nobody to relieve them of their burden. Thus they took refuge in an

attitude of self-pity and negation, of a "temporary nihilism." But under their harsh and bitter crust they embarked upon an unspoken, neo-romantic search for something in life they had never encountered but for which they all bore a secret and natural longing. They wanted to find something that would bring sense to the chaos.

The search for this something — God, love, or whatever one might call it — is the big question mark in Wolfgang Borchert's work.

In his first and only drama, "The Man Outside" (the major piece in this collection of short stories), he tries to find something that would balance "his right of suicide." But his hero, Beckmann, "one of the many," finds no answer. God, the old man, is helpless and can only walk around crying over His unfortunate children, "It is grim, grim, grim." And "the other," the voice within Beckmann, can give him no other consolation but the advice to go on, to "build a Yes into the nothingness," as Borchert says in another story. "There is no peace for us in kisses. . . . We are No-Men. But we do not say No in despair. Our No is a protest."

Borchert never found the answer. Time ran out on him. At the age of twenty-six (he was born in Hamburg in 1921) he died in a Swiss sanatorium, one day before "The Man Outside" — which he had called "a play" which no theater will

produce and no public will want to see" — had its successful premiere in Hamburg. He was the victim of a feverish disease he had contracted on the Russian front and in two Nazi prisons, to which he had been confined (with a death sentence pending) for a "lack of patriotic feeling." His untimely death, which has robbed Europe of a major literary figure, has a symbolic quality.

Borchert remains a powerful voice of protest. A voice against those who had made him a victim of an infernal machine. And against the vicious machine itself of which we — as Stephen Spender says in his introduction to the book — are all perhaps more a part than we know.

G. ST.

***The Devil's Advocate.* By Taylor Caldwell. Crown Publishers. 375 pp. \$3.50.** Taylor Caldwell was divinely endowed at birth with the gift of story-telling. Her long list of fabulously successful novels (it is said she earned more for her publisher than Ernest Hemingway) attests to the fact that she has used that talent well. She has won a warm place for herself in the hearts of simple, ordinary people all over the world by writing sympathetically of the things that concern them most — love, marriage, faith, ambition, getting-along-together. But in *The Devil's Advocate* Taylor Caldwell has suddenly departed from these classic themes. For she has discovered that

there is yet another theme that runs through the lives of men. There is another compelling element that shapes human destiny. That is the "herd instinct" — the wish and even willingness to follow a Leader, an Idea.

It is that instinct which is rampant in the world in this century. Political scientists call its expression totalitarianism, and can prove that no such abject submission of the human race to tyrannical authority has ever before occurred in recorded history. Now, Taylor Caldwell is no political scientist. She is a novelist. She is not concerned with the theoretical phrases and explanations for what is happening to mankind. She is very much concerned about the thing that is happening. With perceptive imagination she sees the men and women she has been writing about all these years — Americans who accepted freedom as a natural requisite — pushing with blind determination towards their own ruin. In *The Devil's Advocate* she envisages the kind of 1970 that might result if Americans continue to accept and support the measures they are accepting and supporting today.

Miss Caldwell has had several distinguished and able predecessors in this genre. Back in the thirties Sinclair Lewis poured out, in six solid weeks of typing, *It Can't Happen Here*, showing that "it" (fascism) could happen here. A few years ago George Orwell, in the last dying

months of his life, portrayed in 1984 what England would be like under a Communist dictatorship. Now Taylor Caldwell has come forward with a new and original concept. She shows what America will become if it goes on as it is going at present. She is not writing of any ideology or tyrant that will move in from outside and take over. She is talking about something that is thriving this moment in our midst. She has discerned that the private lives and personal freedom of Americans are being seriously intruded upon by the State. And she is alarmed — alarmed about the future of democracy.

For in Miss Caldwell's 1970 democracy has become a name, capitalized. The Democracy. That is the formal designation of what was once called the United States of America. But of course there are no longer autonomous units called states. There are sections, bearing numbers, comprising several former states. Everything is ruled by the Military, which possesses more power even than the mediocre, insipid, self-perpetuating government in Washington. The country is in a continual state of war. The workers live in the bombed cities, inadequately fed and clothed. The whole structure is held together by the frequently repeated demand: "Unity! Duty! Sacrifice!"

Freedom, however, once so carelessly surrendered, has not been forgotten. There is a subversive organi-

zation in the land calling itself the Minute Men and dedicated to the restoration of the Stars and Stripes and to the Constitution of the United States of America. Andrew Durant, an American of Italian ancestry, thirty, a lawyer, married with two children, is a member of this organization. He is caught, tortured, escapes death only because of his dogged courage in the face of his torturers. And that is where this exciting story of a people's rebellion begins.

It is a strange rebellion — a difficult task these Minute Men have set for themselves. They must move into important posts in the Military, turn themselves into tyrants, outdo the government itself in the severity of their discipline, the ruthlessness of their oppression. They must make the people hate and despise them, the uniform they wear, and most of all the government they seemingly represent. They must drive the people to such despair that they will finally rise up and overthrow their masters. "Upon your mercilessness," their leader tells them, "depends the freedom of America." A freedom few of them will live to enjoy, for they are the symbols of a tyranny the people will revolt against.

A sad conclusion. Yet no sadder than the fact that even when they have regained their freedom, the people must learn its basic precepts.

"Mr. Regis," a young doctor,

eagerly asks one of the patriots when it is clear the revolution is succeeding, "what tinge of political faith will the new Republic wear? A little of Fascism, or of Communism, or a touch of Socialism?"

Mr. Regis regarded him with sad surprise. "You are quite a young man, aren't you, Doctor? That is the tragedy, that all the millions of your contemporaries, and millions younger, have never known what it is to live under a free system of government. There must always be an 'ism,' with you. You don't know any better, so you can't be blamed. But let me tell you this: there will just be the old American Government, under the restored Constitution."

It is a grim message Taylor Caldwell has to convey in *The Devil's Advocate*. She does it with all the expert narrative skill that has so distinguished her previous writing.

***Rotting Hill.* By Wyndham Lewis. Henry Regnery Company. 265 pp. \$3.00.** Wyndham Lewis is a kind of writer one infrequently meets nowadays. He is, for one thing, educated — in his thinking as well as in his prose style. For another, he is cultivated. He has roamed in many worlds, both geographically

and culturally. And not as a dilettante. In the world of art, his oil paintings have distinguished his name and earned him a good part of his living for many years. The result in his books is a natural, unaffected richness of expression and reference, an ability to write fiction or satire or politics with equal skill. In *Rotting Hill* he has combined the three. This book is not a novel. Yet it has a hero — the decay of middle-class society; and a place — the Welfare State, more specifically, a rather small quarter of London to-day. It has a cast of characters, too, all sorts and kinds of creatures, as odd and familiar and fictional as one finds in Dickens. *Rotting Hill* is also satire, devastating and merciless as good satire must be. And it is good. Not a faked detail slips in, no single nuance escapes the author's penetration and mordant phrase. Finally, this is, of course, a political book. It is about what is happening to us, and what is happening is, as few can deny, socialism. The approach here is not socialism as a political theory, but rather its inevitable impact and effect on the daily life and habits and talking and thinking of that great, amorphous group of people called the middle class.

F. N.



## *Down to Earth*

**EPPUR**

**SI**

**MUOVE**

*Alan Devoe*

THERE IS a valuable story — its value only trivially impaired by the fact that it is apocryphal — which has it that Galileo Galilei once muttered a memorably dogged phrase. Galileo, of course, was a founder of the science of dynamics; and he was a great one for devising telescopes, squinting up at the heavens and theorizing about them,

advancing Copernican notions, and generally disquieting the orthodox in the latter sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. He particularly dismayed the faithful by light-hearted insistences that our earth, far from being a stationary center of the universe, in fact moves, stunningly enough, around the sun.

When he was sixty-nine Galileo was compelled, under pressures from the outraged, to recant his disturbing fancy of an earth in motion. The old man knelt, so the story goes, before a terrifying assemblage of no less than ten cardinals, arrayed in all their sweeping crimson, and abjectly took back his rash words about the earth's moving. Then (so the story concludes) he rose from his dusty knees and humbly tottered from the presence of their august Eminences . . . muttering as he left, however, a soft phrase out of the side of his mouth. "Eppur si muove," his departing whisper is supposed to have breathed. "Nevertheless, all the same, it does move."

Though this handsomely dramatic scene never happened, having been invented by a romantic historian with a flair for the pictorial, it serves usefully to introduce here certain humbler matters, pertaining to the facts of earth and the perils of mentioning them, for discussion now in the merry month of May.

Few naturalists have the endowments or attain the distinction of Galileo Galilei, nor are many of us

in a position to present any nature-facts as rip-roaringly outrageous to Accepted Truth as Galileo's moving-earth ideas may have seemed to some small and well-set minds three hundred years ago. It happens, however, to every naturalist, even the humblest hedge-prowler and stump-poker, that he finds he gets into an astonishing lot of trouble if he ventures to commit certain earth-facts to print. He is not likely to be lugged before an assemblage of cardinals, nor threatened with the rack unless he recants his displeasing statements; but painful and disturbing things happen to him. His editor gets fistfuls of mail, denouncing the naturalist as a nincompoop; and this, as is well known, can lead to an editor's remarking "Hmmm" in a thoughtful voice, scratching his nose meditatively, and reflecting that after all it is the customers who support the magazine. The naturalist himself gets mail not merely in fistfuls but in bagfuls, its quality so menacingly abusive that he may be led somberly to wish he had taken up some more serene and less controversial profession, like politics or organizing strikes.

It is all made the more painful because a naturalist, in the usual run of events, is likely to be a particularly peace-loving sort of man, wishing well to all creatures that live. He had thought, when he became a naturalist, that it would be his life

to learn everything he possibly could, using his every resource of study and observation, about this beloved green-kirtled earth of ours and its creaturely inhabitants, and then to pass along these happy learnings in an amiable spirit of sharing and communication. That's what he had thought; but he finds it can on occasion turn out otherwise. He may write, say, an article in which he conveys the information that hummingbirds are able to fly backwards; and this may be genially received. He may then write another article, in which, say, he remarks that a whole litter of baby opossums can nestle in a tablespoon; and this surprising piece of animal-news, too, may be welcomed by his readers. But sooner or later — while he is lost in his happy dream of himself and his readers as held together in a bond of friendship and gentle common interest — he blunders, crash!, into saying one of the things that must not be said. The world falls in on him.

**I** AM NOT TALKING HERE of the fact that a naturalist — an informal naturalist, that is, an earth-ponderer and thicket-snooper who thinks and writes in an untechnical spirit — may now and then be censured by some stricter scientist because he has pulled some such hasty and carefree boner as getting the number of an otter's teeth wrong or mismanaging the Latin name of a

lizard. Occasional occurrence of that sort of trouble, in a writer-naturalist's life, is expectable and reasonable. After all, he probably must write a great deal, and he mayn't always pause to check back on something he learned or thinks he learned twenty years earlier, and in any event it is always the case that his informal way of talking about this earth's creatures must inevitably seem, to a certain kind of icily scientific mind, imprecise and folkish. That's fair enough, and belongs to the nature of things. I am talking about a much grimmer sort of trouble. I mean the trouble that a naturalist unfailingly gets into, not with an occasional scientific confrère who may object understandably enough to a scientific imprecision, but with that much greater and more intimidating body, his Readers in General, when the naturalist has merely said, in the innocence of his heart, something that is perfectly true and as precise as a rivet. There are certain nature-facts that it is plain foolhardy to bring up.

**P**ERHAPS because May is the month of madness, I bring up three of them. The total list is longer; but I select these three as being peculiarly dire, and because during the months of the past winter they have got "Down to Earth" into a magnificence of woe.

First, there is the matter of

horses' being able to sleep standing up. Not merely can a horse sleep on its feet, but it is the considered judgment of experts in animal husbandry that a horse obtains sounder slumber this way than when lying down. Now, I learned this I don't know how many years ago, in the information-hungry and retentive days of a youth devoted to assimilating from all possible sources all possible informations about our earth's animal company; but for a great many years I have known likewise that it is disastrous to make mention of it. Do so, and there descends, like a wrath of heaven, a terrible torrent of letters. "Man and boy, I have been familiar with horses for fifty years, and you are a jackanapes." "If you had ever spent one day on a farm, instead of living, as you evidently do, in a city apartment, you would know that horses sleep lying down whenever they get the chance, and that their stand-up sleeping is just naps." "To the Editor: Your so-called 'naturalist' is an ignoramus. Man and boy, I have observed horses. . . ."

So runs what may be known in a naturalist's household simply as The Horse Letter. It never varies a great deal; it comes by the ton; it is known by heart. A naturalist can write all the friendly replies he likes, trying to explain how a standing horse's joints "lock," trying to explain why a horse's internal arrangements make its lying-down

sleeps fitful and restless, or even painstakingly referring his correspondents, if his place-memory for data happens to be good enough, to scientific experiments marshaled a number of years ago by Professor Winchester of the University of Missouri. It doesn't make any difference. Later let him mention the matter again in another article, and in comes *The Horse Letter* in undiminished numbers and fury. It just isn't tolerable that horses shouldn't have to sleep lying down, and that is that.

THEN THERE IS THE MATTER of bulls. I have known better for at least twenty years, I suppose, than to let myself make reference to this; but I slip up sometimes, being lulled into forgetfulness by a long spell of readers' kindness. Some months ago, in "*Down to Earth*," there crept in a mention — the merest glancing mention, it was — of the fact that bulls aren't any more maddened by the color red than by any other color, for the compelling reason that bulls are color-blind. To say this was madness. It has been all right in "*Down to Earth*" to say many really fantastic things, such as that mice sometimes sing or that baby birds eat more than their own weight in food every day. But . . . bulls aren't specially responsive to red? "Sir: My father and my grandfather were both matadors. You don't know what you are talking

about." "Who are you to set yourself up against one of the best established things in the world?" "To the Editor: Your smart-alecky writer has another think coming. It is well known. . . ."

Finally — and even now, in this tonic month of blossoming May which has maddened the "*Down to Earth*" department into bringing up all three of these foolhardy facts at once in review, there is felt an anticipatory cringing and cowering as these words are written — there is the matter of Endangered Species. A naturalist needn't be very elderly to have seen several cherishable kinds of wildlife vanish into extinction during his lifetime. The last passenger pigeon died in 1914; heath hens succumbed even more recently. So every now and then, when a naturalist sees the premonitory signs of danger to another species, he is moved to utter a plea and a warning, for he loves the world greatly and what lives in it. He reports that "significant breeding populations" of the species in question have now dwindled to thus-and-such numbers in thus-and-such areas, and so on, and that these portents are grave. He should know better. I did it early last winter (November, I think) in these "*Down to Earth*" pages, with regard to the white-headed eagle. There is still arriving, now in spring, the fierce and contemptuous communication known as the What-Do-You-Mean-

Endangered? Letter. "You have obviously never studied eagles at all. Why, I have with my own eyes seen at least eight eagle nests this year." "If you think eagles are getting scarce, you're crazy." "The trouble with you theorists is. . . ."

Well, that is what happens when a naturalist, in his innocence, happens to hit upon one of the Forbidden Facts, of which these three are samples. It would be difficult to overstate how unpleasant it is, for a man whose spirit loves peace. Me, all I've wanted to do in this world is just, so to speak, sit harmlessly on a meadowy hillside, observing directly the beasts around me, peering off over the horizon with a naturalist's eye of the mind at the remoter creatures of this stretching Creation, and talk about all this in a friendliness. Still, *Eppur si muove* raises a standard of heroism which even the mildest follower of the naturalist-tradition can scarcely let down. Very well, my lords and Eminences. Let me tiptoe now from

the room with head bowed down. You are right, you are utterly right, in holding it to be preposterous that a horse should be able to sleep most soundly while standing up. Forgive me for mentioning this, and I shall strive hard not to do it again. You are correct, most seraphically correct, in holding that bullfighters and farmers and time-honored figures of speech make an evidential throng overwhelmingly against me in the matter of what bulls can see. I will cease and desist on this, or try hard to. As for eagles, why, indeed I am sure you have seen hordes of them lately. I go now, to hide me in a woodchuck burrow, where no mails come. But did you happen to notice — (if I may venture to mutter this, whispering, as I slide through the door and away) — how the sun this morning seemed to come up in a rising, over the rim of an earth most manifestly stationary? Ah? I noticed it too, and agree with you how it seemed. *Eppur* — (I am gone now) — *si muove*.

---

## *Draughts of Old Bourbon*



# TRUMAN'S

## EMBARRASSING BOOK

*William Bradford Huie*

ONE CONVIVIAL EVENING after Harry S. Truman had become President of the United States, he walked over in the corner to a group of men, slapped one of them on the back, and said: "Boys, I missed my calling. I should'a been a piano player in a whorehouse."

There was silence, then hacking, embarrassed laughs. The Secretary of Labor, Lew Schwollenbach, tried to bring relief by saying: "Oh, Mr. President, that would have been too bad. Then we would never have met you."

The men laughed louder, still try-

ing to escape, but the President gave them no help. He was nettled. "Oh, come on, Lew," he joshed, "don't pretend that you and the rest of 'em haven't been there."

On another evening, when he was Vice President, Truman addressed members of the National Press Club. He had had his bourbon, and he stood there on the rostrum, with the lights bright, trying to tell the sort of Missouri barnyard story that he would tell to four huddling Legionnaires.

You could feel nine out of ten men in the audience suffering. Suf-

fering for him as well as for themselves. When he had finished, his laughter cackled loud over the embarrassed hacking of his listeners.

Before his death last year I had several long visits with Roger Sermon, an observing little man who was mayor of Independence for twenty-five years, who ran a grocery store, who had been an officer in the old regiment with Truman in the First War, who had raised money for Truman's political campaigns, and who had known Truman all his life. Mr. Sermon showed me handwritten letters which he had received from Truman over the years — one, from Potsdam, should be valuable to a future biographer — and he told me of the President's favorite pastime.

"Every now and then," he said, "Harry likes to surprise one of his old friends with a telephone call. Before he tells us who it is, he calls us a lot of four-letter names. Then he says: 'You know who you're talking to? You're talking to the President of the United States.'"

Then Mr. Sermon added this judgment: "Now that Harry's President you never will stop him from trying to prove that he's a card."

That's the key to all Truman's actions for which there seems to be no reasonable explanation. That's the key to the inexplicable book, *Mr. President*. Political writers and book reviewers have knocked themselves out trying to decide what the

book is and why it was published. Some of them thought it was a campaign document. It is — in a sense. As Lewis Gannett discerned, it's only "a Truman book, a self-revelation, more personal than political." It's part of the campaign by a little, ordinary, vulgar man to prove that he is, at least, a card.

IT'S DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE that any American above the level of a clod can examine this book without feeling some measure of embarrassment.

The project . . . developed historic proportions and significance . . . the diaries and private papers brought sudden revelations of an extraordinary man, a man who knows his history and knows what he thinks and how to say it . . . never before has a man so high in public life written with such candor and permitted publication while still in office . . . the stark simplicity of his narrative at times matches the beauty and the most manly style of some of our best writers.

Those words were written, in effect, by Truman himself. The "author," Mr. Hillman, is only a device. The book was published because and as Truman wanted it. The purpose is emblazoned on the dust jacket: "I want the people to know me as I am."

But why? Why is this President so impatient to have the people know him as he is? So impatient

that he rushes his pitiful little banalities into print not only while he is still alive but still President — and labels them “historic” and “significant”?

Will school boys become inspired upon learning that the President emphatically insists that Demosthenes and Cicero are the greatest orators who ever lived, and that Hannibal is the greatest general?

Here are some new maxims which school teachers can write on blackboards across the land:

*Page 154:* My mother tried to make me a good boy and a good man.

*Page 189:* The word of Mr. Pendergast was better than the contracts of most businessmen.

*Page 179:* How I wish today that I had cooperation such as I gave!

*Page 189:* Men of principle need never surrender their principles in order to gain or hold political office.

*Page 174:* I fired people right and left who didn't work in the public interest. I put the whole setup in good shape.

*Page 8:* I have met every situation up to now. Can I continue to outface the demagogues, the chisellers, and the jealousies?

*Page 16:* I am not very often mistaken in judgments I make of people, because I understand people pretty well.

*Page 49:* I consider it my duty to furnish the Congress with all the information I have available.

*Page 52:* I had to send Harry Hopkins to see Stalin in order to get Molotov to agree to the fundamental

principles of the United Nations Charter.

*Page 58:* Expenditures for the general Government have never been excessive or extravagant.

*Page 74 (Hillman):* The President's style reminds me of Cicero.

*Page 88:* I don't let things bother me for the reason that I know I'm trying to do the right thing.

*Page 74:* I think the two outstanding orators in the history of the world were Demosthenes and Cicero.

*Page 116:* The human animal cannot be trusted for anything good except *en masse*. The combined thought and action of the whole people of any race, creed, or nationality will always point in the right direction.

*Page 120:* Sometimes being President is very embarrassing to a modest man.

*Page 134:* I dislike headline hunters.

*Page 135:* I think I have been right in the approach to all questions ninety percent of the time since I took over.

*Page 153:* I was raised to put honor above profit.

*Page 193:* I always did let ethics beat me out of money and I suppose I always will.

*Page 198:* This policy of honesty, integrity, and fairness is one I have always followed.

*Page 228:* I shall continue to do what I think is right whether anybody likes it or not.

*Page 229:* I am going to spend the rest of my life in an endeavor to cause a return to truthful writing and reporting.



The selection of pictures to adorn Truman's observations is revealing. Shakespeare gets a full page; Mark Twain, whose narrative style may be said to approach Truman's in "stark simplicity, beauty and manly style," gets only half a page. There are pictures of the Washington family and the Truman family; Caesar and Alexander the Great; Moses with the Ten Commandments; Jefferson and Jackson; Henry of Navarre; several pictures of Lincoln and his generals; and many, many pictures of Truman and his.

In 1949, Mr. Sermon told me, shortly after the election, Truman began promoting plans, in the Roosevelt manner, for a "Truman Shrine and Library" to be built in Independence to house his diaries, letters, notes, cartoons, and press clippings. An architect was engaged to produce an impressive drawing of the shrine, which hung in the mayor's office, and it was Truman's suggestion to Sermon that the city hire "one of these fund-raising press agents to get the money out of those rich bastards in New York and Hollywood" — then the city would build the shrine.

The shrine has not yet been built, nor, so far as I know, has the press agent been hired. Perhaps one purpose of the book is to kick off the fund-raising campaign.

It's possible that by 1863 Lincoln was busy planning his shrines. However, I'm inclined to believe that

the practice of an American President's planning and promoting his own shrine is a somewhat recent development.

TRUMAN'S PATHETIC PRETENSES are easy to understand when you know his background. His efforts to discuss history are like Gene Tunney quoting Shakespeare or Gypsy Rose Lee's references to Proust. As a youth he had no thirst for learning in the Lincoln manner: he was so mediocre a student that some of his high school classmates didn't even remember him until he became President.

From 1901 until the present day no one in Independence or Kansas City ever remembers lending him a book; there is no record that he ever held a library card; and he never once sought the company of scholarly men. He played poker at the Harpy Club; he drilled with the National Guard; he was a regular around the corner drugstore; and he attended all the meetings of the Elks, the Moose, and the Eagles. But no one ever caught him reading anything other than the newspaper and the *Saturday Evening Post*.

In 1925, while he was out of office, Truman enrolled in night school in Kansas City. He tried to make himself study law and history, but he lacked the self-discipline and dropped out. Yet now he insists on passing judgment on Demosthenes and Cicero, and, with a straight face,

tells you that he wants to become a professor of history.

Any amateur psychiatrist can guess why he beats his breast so much about honesty and integrity and ethics. Throughout his entire political life he has been a front for dishonesty and corruption. He knows that in his home community he always stood with the thieves and despoilers and against the forces of decency and reform. He knows that he came to the Senate only because the Pendergast gang voted 60,000 fraudulent votes for him.

When Truman goes home now and stops in the penthouse of the Muehlebach Hotel, who comes to see him? Is there a procession of scholars, preachers, and distinguished citizens come to advise with him or to do him honor? No. Representatives of the coarsest element in the community gather. There is bourbon and poker, after which comes loud, obscene arguments over who goosed whom, and who stole whose shoes while he was passed out.

TRUMAN'S PREOCCUPATION with honesty and integrity and money causes him to come up with still another version of the debt-paying yarn. On page 173 appears this paragraph:

Eddie Jacobson and I went broke. Our creditors drove Eddie into bankruptcy, but I became a public official and *they couldn't do that to me*. Eddie and I continued to pay and

settle our obligations, and after about fifteen years cleaned them all up honorably. Not one of our creditors, merchandisers or banks ever accused us of a dishonorable act. A couple of bankruptcy lawyers caused us a lot of trouble, but they didn't get anywhere.

That statement, of course, is as full of lies as a dog is of fleas, but it shows some MERCURY influence. In 1949 Truman and Lester Markel in the *New York Times* were insisting that he bankrupted, but then "after twenty years" he *paid in full* his debts. More recently the *United States News* and *Collier's* have been reporting only that he "paid" the debts. But Truman knows that we have the dead wood on him; that we can prove that he's a contriving liar; and he knows that more than a million reprints of our story are in circulation. So he has begun to hedge.

Now, he didn't bankrupt. He became a public official and "they couldn't do that to me." Why? Only because he had nothing, he didn't keep a bank account, and his salary could not be garnished. And note that he no longer quite dares to claim that he "paid" his debts. He says he continued to "pay and settle" our obligations. What does "settle" mean?

Perhaps Mr. Markel at the *Times* and David Lawrence at *U. S. News* and Louis Ruppel at *Collier's*, all of whom are stuck with the legend

that the debts were "paid" — perhaps these gentlemen had better check back with the President. He has begun to run out on them.

(Note: In January, 1953, when Truman leaves the White House, THE MERCURY will cease pointing out that Truman is a liar. This, truly, is in "very bad taste," as some of our readers have reminded us. We will go further: we will print the statement that Truman *did* pay his debts just as the *Times* said he did; he paid them in full; honesty, truly, has always been his policy. And we will let it go into the history books in this fashion. Thus we hope to get back into "good taste" and demonstrate "the proper respect for the Presidency.")

SERIOUSLY AGAIN, what makes Truman's book so disturbing is not so much our embarrassment for him as our embarrassment for ourselves. For if we elevate an ordinary man to a position which requires an extraordinary one, then what else can we expect but for him to start believing and proclaiming that he is extraordinary?

When we elevate the common-

place, we should not be surprised if the commonplace begins claiming superiority.

There are cynics in America now who are convinced that we can no longer hope to elect a genuinely superior man to the Presidency. Superiority is now suspect; no man can be put forward as wiser than another; wisdom resides, as Truman insists, only *en masse*. The wisest among us is the commonest.

All that we can hope for, the cynics say, is that we can elect to the Presidency a reasonably high common denominator. In Truman, certainly, we have the lowest common denominator ever elevated to the Presidency of a people who once held some pride in leadership: his book is convincing evidence. In 1952 most any candidate in prospect should be a higher common denominator.

But to admit that this is true: that this nation can no longer command nor elect the sort of leadership which brought it into being and which has thus far preserved it — this is an admission that most of us prefer to fight off, at least for a while longer.

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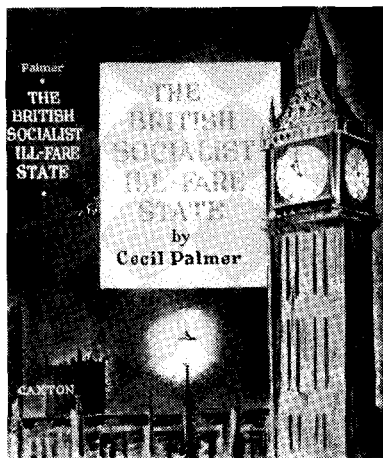
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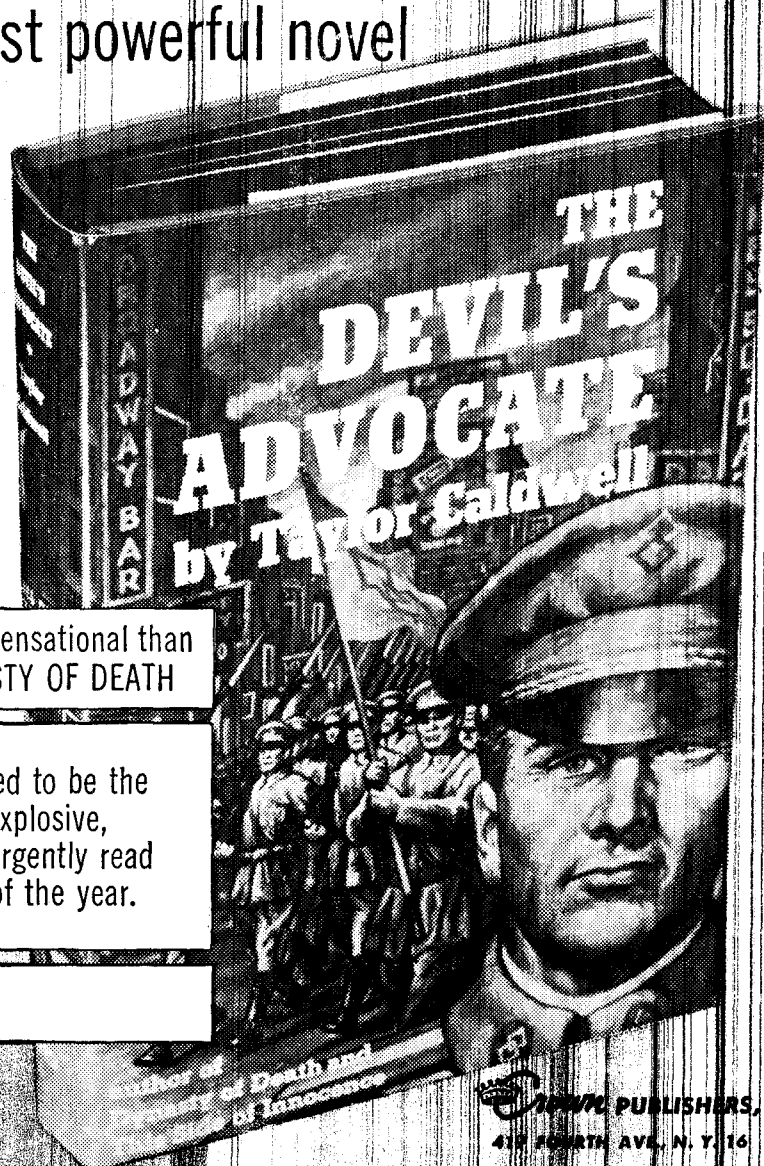
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